

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1886.

No. 6.

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If you are in want of any Men's or Boys'

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Arctic, Over Shoes, Rubber Boots or a good, nice Rubber Coat, call at

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We can show you some nice Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters, Reckers, nice suits for Boys; and don't forget that we have a good stock of

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Arlington, Nov. 19, 1885.

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The Park Family Concert.

The Six Odd Associates have reason for congratulating themselves on the success of their effort to furnish a first class entertainment for the people of Arlington. The concert by the Park Family, given under their auspices in Town Hall, last Wednesday evening, drew out the largest audience that has been gathered there in a long while, and under the inspiration of appreciative listeners the artists acquitted themselves with marked success, both in solo and concert pieces. They were assisted by Mr. Edward H. Frye, humorist, who was peculiarly fortunate in his selections, and was applauded to the echo. The Park Family are certainly remarkable musicians in many respects, and the novel instruments they introduce lifts their entertainment out of all ordinary ruts or channels and its very novelty would make it a success even were there less of real ability in its musicians on the more common instruments. Generous and hearty applause was awarded to the artists in the various numbers and in most cases they responded to encores. The quartette for stringed instruments was very fine and the rendering of Schumann's "Trans Merici," in response to an encore, was one of the most finished and finest renderings ever heard. The following is the programme in full:—

GRAND MARCH, Park Family
CRYSTAL CHIMES, George T. Park
CORNET AND BARITONE DUET,
Miss Ada and Master Geo. Park
CORNET SOLO, Annie A. Park
HUMOROUS SELECTION, E. H. Frye
QUARTETTE, STRING INSTRUMENTS,
Park Instrumental Club
QUINTETTE, BRASS INSTRUMENTS,
Park Instrumental Club
BARITONE SOLO, J. F. Park
HUMOROUS SKETCHES, E. H. Frye
CORNET QUARTETTE,
Annie, Katie, Ada and George Park
ZITHER DUET, Annie and Nellie Park
GRAND FINALE, Park Family

The South is having a hard time this winter. They experienced another severe snow storm on Wednesday.

PURE WHITE WHEAT MEAL

INSTEAD OF FLOUR FOR BREAD!

Nature's Great Vital Energy Recuperator. Reasons Why it is Preferable to Flour.

Facts are Stubborn Truths.
Flour is the only impoverished food used by mankind—impoverished by the withdrawal of the tegumentary portion of the wheat, leaving the internal or starchy portion. In chemistry we find that in 100 parts of substance—

Wheat has an ash of 17.7 parts;
Flour has an ash of 4.1 parts;—an impoverishment of over three-quarters.
Wheat has 2.3 Phosphoric Acid;
Flour has 2.4 parts of Phosphoric Acid;—an impoverishment of about three-quarters.
Wheat has 0.6 Lime and 0.6 soda;
Flour has 0.1 Lime and 0.1 Soda;—an impoverishment of five-sixths.
Wheat has Sulphur 1.5; Flour has no sulphur.
Wheat has Sulphuric Acid 0.5; Flour has no Sulphuric Acid.
Wheat has Silica, 0.3; Flour has no Silica.

Regimen and Diet.
Every effort of the mind or movement of a muscle involves the expenditure, or waste, of nervous energy and vitality, in proportion to the magnitude of the effort; these wasted products pass off with effete substances from the body. While recuperation is effected by nutrition. The loss of Physical force by using Common Flour is immense, which analysis proves.

First, then, make use of

Arlington Wheat Meal,

(Made from all the Wheat)

A perfect food for Children, making them strong and vigorous—also imparts strength to the aged.

Arlington Wheat Meal

Contains ALL THE WHEAT. In the coverings of the wheat are the Phosphates which constitute bone and muscle, and materially assist digestion by causing the rapid decomposition of the food. It is in this way the phosphates in ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL act, giving new power and strength to the system.

Beware of Imitations.

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"SOME NOTED PRINCES, AUTHORS AND STATESMEN OF OUR TIME."

By 20 of our best writers—Canon Farrar, Jas. T. Fields, Jas. Parton, Dickens' daughter and others. Over 50 fine portraits and engravings. "The book is brimming over with choice and rare things."—N. Y. Observer. Intelligent young men and ladies can have permanent employment. A few General Agents wanted. THE HENRY BILL PUB. CO., Norwich, Ct. 25ay86

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Reporter's Weekly Gatherings

IN ARLINGTON.

—The boys and girls have had great fun at punting riding this week.

—Our streets and walks have been well cared for this season.

—This week we have had a solid chunk of real winter weather.

—The Russell Bros. will be glad to rent the rink for any proper purposes, at reasonable rates.

—There is to be an adjourned meeting of the Arlington Orthodox Congregational church this evening.

—Messrs. Wm. T. Wood & Co. are driving matters at their ice tool factory to meet demands of the business.

—The Six Odd Associates will hold their annual masquerade in Town Hall on the evening of Wednesday, March 3d.

—The ladies at Arlington Heights have arranged for a domino party on the evening of Tuesday, Feb. 16.

—Last Friday a horse belonging to Mr. R. W. Hopkins dropped dead on Academy street.

—On Thursday the cutting of some good twelve-inch ice was commenced on Little Spy.

—Six and eight below zero is the record of this morning. The north wind made it seem even colder than that.

—Mr. Robinson's dry goods establishments are worthy of the largest possible home support.

—The alternate thaws and freezings keep our railroad gates out of working order a considerable portion of the time.

—Mr. C. M. Hall, the Pleasant street grocer, is rapidly recovering his health and strength.

—Mr. Oakman reaped quite a harvest last week, during those days of rain and sleet. The plumbers had their turn earlier in the month.

—This (Friday) evening the Young People's Social Club give an entertainment in the vestry of the Universalist church.

—Missionary concert at the Baptist church, next Sunday evening, at the usual hour of service. All interested will be welcomed.

—The subject of mission work will be considered at the Congregational church vestry, next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

—It is not what individuals want, but the interests of the town require, that should obtain in naming candidates for office.

—A good violinist wishing to join a young men's orchestra will please send his age and address to box 19, Arlington, Mass.

—On the evening of Feb. 14, T. W. Coakley, Esq., of Cambridge, will deliver a lecture in Town Hall. "Wendell Phillips" will be the subject of the lecture.

—Post 36 and the Relief Corps both meet next Thursday, the Corps in the afternoon and the Post in the evening. Reports of delegates to Department encampments will be given.

—A young German who has had a thorough training in Germany and considerable experience since he finished his trade, is to open an upholstery shop over Higgins' grocery, next to the Arlington House.

—The Pleasant street property advertised to be disposed of under mortgagee's sale will not take place as advertised. It will be sold at private sale, however, on reasonable terms. Apply to R. J. Hardy, Lake street.

—The Registrars of Voters make an official announcement in today's paper of importance to every voter. We hope to record that at the next election of town officers the largest vote ever cast was thrown. Things never go much wrong when there is a full meeting and vote.

—Mrs. Teare, widow of the late Philip Teare, of Woburn, a prominent member of Bethel Lodge of Odd Fellows and at one time the tailor of West Cambridge, died at the residence of her daughter in Brookton on Tuesday. Her death was sudden, paralysis being the cause.

—Thursday evening, at the Unitarian Church, Rev. James K. Applebee closed his course of lectures under the auspices of the Unky Club, Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet" being considered under the title of a "Drama of Destiny."

—Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, ex-president of Middlebury College, and many years president of Roberts College, Constantinople, a man of great power and wide learning, will preach in the morning and address the missionary meeting in the evening at the Congregational church.

—Mr. George Law owned the old horse that was left on Summer street last week. He was not to blame for the delay in moving the animal, but it was cruelty to allow him to lay so long exposed. The animal should have been shot at once.

—Our avenue presented a truly beautiful appearance when the sun shone out last Saturday morning. The trees were covered with a thick coating of ice that sparkled like diamonds. Many fruit trees were broken by the weight of the ice, but the shade trees along our streets did not suffer from that cause.

—The snow of Saturday night was a good thing for our laboring men, scores of horses and men found employment on Spy Pond the following days in clearing the snow off from that part where the Addison Gage Ice Co. propose to harvest their ice crop as soon as it shall have become thick enough.

—Webber & Son have well earned the reputation of keeping the neatest fish and oyster market in this vicinity. They have lately re-painted and otherwise renovated their market, and have added a neat oyster bar, where parties can get a plate of raw oysters, common or select, as well as by the pint, quart or gallon. There is certainly no good reason why people should bring them out from Boston. A call on them will soon convince any one of this.

—On Friday the heavy rain which fell and froze as soon as it found a resting place and completely coating the limbs and twigs of the trees. The weight of the ice on the trees in various locations on the Heights was so great that it broke large branches from the trees disfiguring them greatly and doing no end of damage, especially to the elm trees.

—Maj. Henry C. Dane gave his lecture "Up the Rhine and over the Alps with a knapsack," in the chapel at Arlington Heights on the evening of Jan. 28th. All will remember what a terribly stormy evening it proved, and will not wonder that the audience was small. Those present enjoyed a rich treat, the lecturer charming them with his description of sights and scenes in the delightful region. He spoke for over two hours, but the time did not seem long to those who listened to his word pictures.

—During Wednesday there was a story current in town that a man and horse had broken through the ice on Spy Pond and had been drowned, and it also appeared in one of the Boston dailies. The only foundation was the fact that one of the great piles of snow sank the ice, and a horse floundered into it and was not easily got out.

—Last Sunday the rite of confirmation was administered at St. John's Episcopal Chapel, Rev. Mr. Ketchum rector, by the bishop of the diocese, Rt. Rev. Dr. Paddock. The chapel was well filled. After the confirmation Bishop Paddock delivered an appropriate discourse from Jude 1. xxiv. The number of candidates was seven.

—Wednesday evening, while crazy drunk, Patrick Slattery amused himself smashing crockery and furniture in his house on Dudley street. With the aid of Mr. G. W. Austin's pug he was brought to the lockup, and Thursday morning paid \$1.00 and costs in the Police Court in settlement of the complaint against him.

—The discourse of next Sunday morning, by the pastor of the Universalist church, will be addressed particularly to young women. Text, John, 4: 27, "They marvelled that he spoke to a woman." On account of a meeting of the lately organized Woman's Missionary Association, at the North Cambridge church, the usual evening praise meeting will be omitted.

—The Traveller of last Monday had the following item in regard to one of our best known citizens:—

"Mr. Andrew F. Allen of Arlington, who is one of the most genial of men, observes his 62d birthday to-day. Mr. Allen is one of the most extensive tillers of the soil in the town, and during his long and busy life has never had a day's serious illness. His mother, who is over 90 years, and lives with him, retains her mental vigor and faculties to a remarkable degree, and promises to live to observe her 100th birthday."

—Prof. Dorchester will deliver the third in his series of discourses on the "Brotherhood of Man," in the church at the Heights, next Sunday morning. Praise service in the evening at seven o'clock. These services are becoming deservedly popular. The chorister, Mr. L. H. Dorchester, was assisted by Prof. S. P. Prentiss, last Sunday evening, a very large audience being present. Mrs. G. F. Reed rendered a solo "Lord be with me in my walks." Next Sunday evening the Young People's Quartette will render one or more selections. Others

are also expected to be present and assist in the service. The pastor will deliver a short address. A general gathering of the people is looked for at these services of song.

—The regular monthly sociable by the ladies of the Congregational church was given in the church parlors, Wednesday evening, and was well attended, although other strong attractions were offered elsewhere. Supper was served at the usual hour, and when the tables were cleared away a pleasing entertainment was presented by the committee in charge, consisting of piano duet by Mrs. Ware and Miss Mable Frost, both being strong and brilliant performers; recitations by Mrs. Dr. Field (daughter of Mrs. G. A. Swan) which won the heartiest applause; vocal quartette, composed of Misses Gertie Hoyt, Martha Sprague, Mabel Frost and Mrs. Ware, rendered with power and excellent expression; and a solo by Mr. R. A. Ware, rendered with that nice discrimination which characterizes all his singing. It was a programme which all heartily enjoyed. We understand these entertainments are to be a feature on all future occasions.

—The bill to provide further assistance for the two branches of the Legislature, being substantially the same as offered by Senator Marden last year, was engrossed in the Senate yesterday. The Legislature may yet have a chance to look again upon the genial ex-senator from Lowell.

EAST LEXINGTON.

Tuesday evening, in response to invitations sent to the young friends of Mr. Leslie Thayer, a goodly number assembled at his home and surprised him. It was the 15th anniversary of his birth-day. The evening was occupied with games, music and a supper, which is by no means the least important feature at such parties.

Last week we knew what it was to stand in slippery places. Take heed lest we fall. Sad havoc was made among our trees by the ice. Some of the most ancient elms seemed to withstand the ice coating better than the younger trees. We were glad that the noble veteran elm in Mr. Walter Wellington's yard was injured so little. We never saw such a beautiful scene as we witnessed riding to Burlington Saturday morning. The birches were so heavily laden with their icy pendants, in places, that they were laying across the road or forming an arch-way and rendering the road almost impassable but giving a fairy-like beauty to the landscape, until we felt we were travelling in Iceland.

Rev. Mr. Branigan preached from 1 Sam. 8: 19-20. The thoughts concerning the Deity, and which have been obscure, are now expending. While other nations bowed down to idols, the Jews were far ahead of them, for they were a people chosen of God for his special work. The marked peculiarity of the Israelites was, that they had no king to rule over them, but they had judges and God was their king, being able to defeat their enemies. There came a time when they wanted a king. Separation is the key-note of Christianity and the followers of Christ are a peculiar people. It is so much easier to lose one's self in the folly of the world than to live godly lives. Without the temptation there could not be virtue and holiness. He who is on the side of right is on the side that will conquer. Eccentricity is not Christianity. It is not only our duty but our privilege to walk in the paths of righteousness and let us not follow the kings of earth but the King of heaven.

1886. OUR OFFER. 1885

By a special arrangement with the publishers of that elegant line steel engraving, "LONGFELLOW IN HIS LIBRARY," we are able to offer special inducements for subscribers to our publications. We will send either of the three from now until Jan. 1, 1887, and a PERFECT COPY of the above engraving as follows:—

Engraving and Advocate to Jan. 1, '87.	\$2.50
" " Minute-man " " "	2.50
" " Village Gazette " " "	1.75

The picture is an elegant affair, the first proofs of which were sold for \$50.00 each, and plain copies retail today for \$7.50 each, showing it to be a picture worthy a place in every home. Any Arlington or Lexington boy, or girl, who will bring us five dollars for two subscribers, or any West Medford boy or girl sending the price of three subscribers, will receive a picture for themselves, besides the papers and pictures for those whose names they have secured. This offer applies to old subscribers who wish to renew at this time.

Times change and men change with them. The judge who passed the first death sentence in California is now pastor of the Baptist church in Cambridge, Md.

Chicago has six butterine and oleomargarine factories, and according to the *Inter-Ocean*, nearly all the stuff manufactured by them is sent to eastern markets. They do an immense business, one firm manufacturing two car loads a day, and the others doing nearly as well.

Almost every mother would cheerfully face death to save her children, but not one in a thousand could display the Spartan endurance of Mrs. Wheeler, of Dakota, who upheld a flaming can of gasoline until her arm was roasted to the bone, and by this heroic sacrifice saved her two children, who were playing on the floor.

The increase in the number of private bills presented to Congress is something remarkable. Senator Dolph has called attention to the fact that during the first fifty years of the government the total number of private bills introduced in the House was only about as many as were introduced in the Forty-eighth Congress alone—namely, 8,777.

Even if General Grant died in debt and the nation is slow about a monument, the Providence *Star* thinks that it is satisfactory to reflect that he was not put in prison for debt in his old age, like Colonel Barton, the Rhode Island hero of the Revolution, and Robert Morris, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and who furnished the financial sinews for the Revolution.

A Connecticut valley paper-making firm sent to the Paris exposition a blank book weighing 200 pounds, and having 3,000 enormous pages, as a sort of universal autograph album. Only one-fourth of its pages were filled in Paris, after which it served at a local fair, and last year was sent to New Orleans, where it was filled. It has now been returned to Holyoke, Mass., and exhibited. It contains 60,000 names, some well known.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, in speaking of the death of Colonel Richardson, the Southern cotton king, showed how he made that staple profitable in every way. He raised it on his many plantations, shipped it to his own house in New Orleans—one of the largest cotton houses in the world—furnished with cotton his own mills at Wesson—the largest in the southwest—while the seed was crushed into oil at his Refuge oil mill at Vicksburg.

The American *Cultivator* believes that "there are many substantial reasons for predicting a more prosperous year for the agricultural interests of this country during 1886 than for several years. Manufacturing is on a sounder basis. railroad building has revived, public confidence is restored, capitalists are more willing to invest in new enterprises, the population of the country has increased and every one is more hopeful of the future. Again, it is scarcely possible that the prices of any staple product can remain long at present low quotations."

The French have looked with alarm on the steady export of Percheron horses to the United States; but the most prominent breeders there now say that the progeny of these horses raised in the United States are an improvement upon their sires, and that it is profitable to re-import them. It is known that Napoleon III. used to import Percheron horses from Vermont for the post-chaises which he used so much, as Gen. Fleury, his master of the horse, found them much superior to the Mecklenburg horses, more generally in use.

A popular craze that is daily growing in the West is chewing gum. Men chew it openly and above board as much as girls, and the practice has gone so rapidly beyond its old confines that the fame of Vassar college as a shrine where taffy tolu received its greatest share of worship has died out. "The popularity of the gum-chewing habit," remarks the *New York Commercial*, "is said to be due to the fallacy that some health journal promulgated awhile ago that, as gum chewing preserves the teeth and develops the gums, it should be encouraged. To counteract this, however, its effect upon the stomach is most injurious and entails painful diseases."

Some interesting facts concerning the relative vitality of males and females are shown in the forty-sixth annual report of the English register-general. In each 1,000 living persons there are 487 males and 513 females; but for every 100 females 103.5 males were born. At every age of life the death rate was lower in the females, and the difference is greater in early years. In both sexes a diminished death rate is taking place. This is more marked in females than in males, at all ages. The improvement is especially notable in women up to forty-five and in males up to thirty-five. The mean expectation of life of a male at birth is 41.35, and of a female 44.63 years. The annual expectation of illness is, counted by days, nearly the same in both sexes.

The agricultural papers of Indiana are inveighing against the plague of goats there. There are something like fourteen million goats in the presidency of Madras, and it is alleged that not only have they destroyed young forest trees, but reduced through the annihilation of moisture-absorbing herbage, many of the watercourses into dry ravines.

G. W. Peck, of "Bad Boy" fame, was one of the newspaper excursionists to the New Orleans exposition. A writer in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* speaks of him as being anything but the traditional "funny man," but tells of one bright saying of his. The excursionists were in the galleries of the immense Avery salt mine. The transition from the bright, warm sunlight above by the swift-plunging elevator to the atmosphere and glitter of what seemed a huge underground ice palace was very marked. The journalists were hushed into admiration by the spectacle, when Peck turned to his wife and said: "Little mother, this is the biggest salt cellar I ever saw."

Genuine butter consists of fats derived from milk and soluble caseine. Butterine, oleomargarine and other bogus compounds are emulsions of fatty acids, glycerine and insoluble cheese, with traces of the chemicals used, their combinations with the fatty acids, and of poisonous organic acids formed during the process of manufacture. Genuine butter is composed of natural fats from milk, but the counterfeit article of deodorized animal or vegetable fats; that is, fatty acids and glycerine. Norman J. Colman, commissioner of agriculture, stated in his address before the national convention held in Chicago in 1885 that the records of the patent office show the following materials are being employed in the manufacture of bogus compounds: Soar milk, animal fat, lactic acid, peanut oil, almond oil, olive oil, soda ash, salt, stearine, orris root, leaf lard treated with a solution of nitric acid and borax, milk, sugar, bicarbonate of soda, butyric acid, beef suet, glycerine, coloring matter, buttermilk, tallow, pepsine, saltpeter, boracic acid, ground slippery elm bark, salicylic acid, benzoic acid, caustic soda, corn starch, cooked farinaceous flour, annatto, benne oil, prepared cow's udders, salt soda, oil of sesame, oil of sunflower, fusil oil, sulphuric acid, etc.

An Amicable Arrangement.

There is usually some amicable method of settling troublesome disputes, even if it be the old resort of drawing lots, though unfortunately too many of us prefer to argue, or even wrangle, about the matter in hand. The Japanese are not so foolish. Says the author of "A Sketch of Korea": "As soon as the traveler has set foot in Japan, and safely passed through the ordeal of the custom house, he will need something in which to carry himself and his baggage. He had been told that a jinrikisha, or large baby-carriage, drawn by a man, is the vehicle in common use, and seeing some such conveyances standing idle he calls for one of them. A score respond to his call, hurrying toward him so quickly as to suggest a rush of autumn leaves, started by a sudden gust of wind from the quiet corner in which they lay. In a twinkling they are all about him, and the shafts have fallen at his feet.

As he is only one, and his baggage is limited, he cannot use them all; he therefore prepares to make a choice. He turns his attention for an instant to his traps, to judge what he shall need, and on turning back again, behold! the men have all vanished, and he finds himself the center of a mute but expectant-looking circle of baby-carriages, their shafts all pointed toward him, as if in an attitude of entreaty. He wonders what can so suddenly have happened to the men, until his eyes at last light upon them in a group at the corner of the square. After some watching, he becomes conscious that not a quarrel, but a settlement, is going on. The coolies are actually drawing lots for the privilege of carrying him!

One man in the center holds the slips, each man selects his own, and all abide in the best possible humor by the result.

A Lava Stream in Hawaii.

An advancing lava flow makes a considerable ado as it goes on—especially if its line of advance is through a jungle or forest. The noise accompanying its movement, under these circumstances, resembles the roar of the battle-field. The ears of the person who visits the scene are greeted by the crackling of burning foliage, the hissing of hot air and steam, the falling of trees, and the bursting of bombs, all commingled in one tumult.

Traversing a lava stream while it is yet running may be compared to traversing a river in winter by walking on the ice. A pair of thick shoes and stockings are needed to protect the feet from the heat, as on the ice to protect them from the cold. Vent holes, too, will be ever and anon encountered in the solid crust covering the liquid stream, down which the spectator can look and behold the fiery river below; and fire falls, which are usually without any covering of solid lava over them, just as water falls in winter, be the weather never so cold, are without any covering of ice.—*Oerland Monthly*.

Why Ticked People Laugh.

The interaction of mind and body in disease is well set forth by Dr. Haecker, of Leipzig, who states that tickling, which he styles a variable, intermittent excitement of the nerves of the skin, produces irritation of the sympathetic nerves, with the result of an expansion of the pupil and a contraction of the blood-vessels, and that the consequent diminution of pressure on the brain, permeated with blood-vessels, is so considerable as not to be without danger; that powerful expiration operates against such a diminution of pressure, and therefore laughter, which is simply intermittent forced movements of expiration, is a decided remedy for the effects of tickling.

SYMPATHY.

Other hearts share the burden of grieving
When loved ones lie under the pall;
There are glimpses of tender relieving
Through tears on the coffin that fall.
No blast of mortality bloweth
But sympathy tempers its breath,
And the woe that the comforter knoweth
Finds peace in the presence of death.

—Theron Brown.

ESTELLE.

"Estelle, are you ready?"
A little shriek of horror is the answer, and in another moment Estelle Verries comes flying down stairs, boots unbuttoned, neckerchief unfastened, hat and gloves in hand.

"My angelic Mary, if you scold me I shall die! Blame the chair you have put into my room. It is positively too seductive—I could not keep awake in it. Suddenly I hear a great strike of the clock; I jump up and find I have only a little tiny five minutes to dress in! Ah! dear, patient Mary, forgive the foreigner and her abominable ways."

"Never mind about apologizing, child, but button your boots and put your hat on."

"My boots!" Estelle looks down at them in despair, and then dropping on her knees in the hall, tries to do them up with her weak little fingers.

Mary Cotterell pulls her up, orders her peremptorily into a hall chair, and drawing a button-hook from her own pocket proceeds to do up the high forepart boots. "There! Now turn slowly round, and let me see that you are all right."

Estelle obeys submissively. "I hadn't time to do my hair again," she explains.

"So I see; but as it is always rough, that makes very little difference. I suppose you must do now. Put on your gloves; and where's your parasol?"

"Upstairs. I don't want it."

"Yes, you do. I'll get it for you."

Estelle doesn't object at all; but when Mary comes down again she flings both arms around her, and calls her her best-beloved cabbage.

"Tell me, Mary," she asked, as they walked down the garden on their way to Mrs. Charlesworth's tennis party, "will that dreadful red-haired engineer be there—you know; the man who is so stupid and gauche?"

"Sure to be," said Mary, dryly. "He's devoted to Eva Charlesworth."

"Poor girl! I pity her," observed Miss Verries, emphatically.

"Oh, you needn't do that; she doesn't care a fig for him. And beside, the dreadful red-haired engineer, as you politely call Arthur Rivers, is a very good fellow."

"I call him a beast!" said Estelle, with exceeding frankness.

"Now Estelle," said Mary, sharply. "I won't have you pick up bad words from my young brothers, and I won't have you speak rudely of my friends."

"Do you like him?" inquired her companion, stepping forward, so as to get a good look at her face.

"Certainly," replied Mary, not the least disconcerted by the mischievous scrutiny of the dark eyes.

Estelle let go of her arm, and held up both hands in amazement.

"You are funny, you English! You positively like people because they are good?"

"Certainly," replied Mary again.

"But men never are good," answered Estelle, changing her ground.

"Oh, indeed!"

"My mother says so, and she knows."

"Your poor mother was unfortunate in her experience of them; but surely, because one Englishman was a wicked husband to her, she would not condemn all the rest?"

"Oh, that is only part of what she knows," said Estelle, confidently. "She has seen a great deal of life, and she has always taught me never to trust any man at all, however good he may seem."

Mary was silent, not liking to say what she thought of such training.

Estelle's French mother had been forced, when hardly more than a child, into a marriage with a wealthy Englishman, who had treated her with neglect and brutality, and finally deserted her. Released from galling bonds by the intervention of the law, she had immediately quitted his hated country, and retired with little Estelle to a quiet suburb of Paris, where the child was brought up to call herself French, and to hate everything that was English. Yet, when an invitation came from Mrs. Cotterell for Estelle to spend a whole summer with her at Coppensham, the girl's reluctance to go was overridden by her mother, who never forgot that the Cotterells, husband and wife, had been the only people in England whose sympathy she had been able to accept or rely on. So Estelle nerved herself for a visit to her native country, and, once at Coppensham, found to her surprise that she was going to enjoy herself. She found English country life charmingly novel; she particularly liked the admiration accorded to her beauty and vivacity; and she took at once to Mary Cotterell, who had much of her mother's intelligent tact and thoughtfulness.

The two girls had walked on another hundred yards or so without speaking, when Mary was roused from her reflections by feeling her arm suddenly pinched. Looking up, she discovered rapidly approaching them the young man whose "goodness" had been so summarily disposed of by Estelle a few minutes previously.

He certainly was not a beauty.

Slightly above the average height, and disproportionately large, he not only had no good looks to boast of, but carried himself particularly badly, with a kind of undignified shambling, his head forward and his hands forever in his pockets. Estelle managed to convey her opinion of him to Mary by a rapid little grimace and shrug of the shoulders before he came up to them.

"How do you do, Mary? How do you do, Mademoiselle—er—I really forget your name."

He put out his hand in an unthinking way, much to her displeasure. He ought only to have bowed; and how dared he to forget her name! Her reluctant little fingers just touched his.

Rivers saw now, and his lips twitched with amusement.

"Beg your pardon, I'm sure. I'll only bow another time," he said, bluntly. "Hate shaking hands myself, it's a bar-

barous custom. I suppose you are bound, like me, for Charlesworth's, Mary?"

On her assenting, he turned and walked beside her, without asking whether his company was desired or not.

"If you were polite, Arthur, you would offer to carry my racquet and shoes," observed Mary, laughing. "You can't imagine what a bad opinion Mademoiselle Verries is forming of you."

He took the things from her, rapidly glancing up and down Estelle, who looked bewitchingly pretty under her rose-lined parasol.

"Quite right, too," he returned, with a smile. "You see, Mademoiselle, I've no sisters to lick me into shape."

Estelle was not sufficiently well up in English slang to understand quite what he meant by this; but gathering from the pleasantness of his smile that it could not have been anything rude, she condescended to answer.

"I've no sisters, or brothers, either," she said, naively.

"Ah! I thought so."

"Why?"

Rivers had guessed it from her manner, which was very much that of a spoiled only child, but he had managed to escape blunderingly from telling her so. By this time they had reached Mrs. Charlesworth's lawn, and with a short, "Oh, can't say; intuition, I suppose," he hastily crossed over to where the fair, slender Eva Charlesworth was standing, racquet in hand, talking to the favorite and scapegrace of the place, Hal Armitage. Neither of these two particularly wanted him, and after a little while Eva gracefully sent him back to Estelle, who did not play tennis, and who had been left stranded on a garden chair, while the rest of the guests were occupied with the game. She felt so neglected and uncomfortable that it was quite a relief when Rivers came and sat down beside her.

"We ought to fraternize," he said, drawing his chair rather forward, so as to get a good view of her face, "since we neither of us play this all-engrossing game. Are you over in England for long?"

Estelle allowed herself to be gradually drawn into conversation, and was getting quite interested in comparing notes with him about the Riviera, when an amused, approving little nod and smile from Mary brought the color to her face. She was a complete child in many respects, and her vexation at finding herself blushing was so great that the tears started to her eyes. Rivers wondered what on earth had happened, but if his manners were abrupt, his good feeling was rarely at fault, and he showed tact now.

"I brought home no end of mementos," he continued quietly, "and among them some flowers from Mentone—roots. I mean—which I planted in the garden here for Miss Charlesworth. Would you like to see them?"

Estelle sprang up, ready to go anywhere rather than continue to sit with her face in full view of all the players. She was sure everyone must be looking at her. But in a very few minutes, thanks to Rivers' tactics, she was herself again, and inwardly determined to pay Mary out.

This little episode had cured her of her dislike to the engineer, and before the evening was over her feelings had undergone a further revulsion. She and Mary were asked, with some of the other guests, to stay to the 8 o'clock supper at Mrs. Charlesworth's, and later on there was a general vote for music. Estelle was known to have a beautiful voice, but she was exceedingly nervous, and could not be prevailed upon to sing till Eva suggested that she should be supported by a violin obligato.

"That would give me courage," Estelle admitted, "and I know this song for voice and violin; but who is this virtuoso?"

"Oh, my fiddle and I are at home in this drawing-room," said Rivers, coming up quickly, and drawing out the case from under a low settee.

Estelle regarded him doubtfully, making up her mind that she should stop singing at once if his playing did not please her. She need not have been alarmed. He was a thorough musician, and soon she confessed to herself that she had never been accompanied with such instinctive sympathy. Her mellow voice gathered strength and evenness as she felt she could rely on the response of his violin to its faintest inflections, and at the end of the song their eyes met in a glance of mutual understanding and admiration.

Hal Armitage turned to Eva Charlesworth with a significant chuckle. "Our good Arthur is smitten," he said—"settled and done for."

Eva followed the direction of his eyes, and appraised Estelle critically.

"I hope it may be so," she answered, gently.

For a week or two Estelle went about in a frame of mind which is apt to upset the calmest natures, and which, in a girl of her excitable temperament, took the shape of extreme fitful alternations between turbulent gaiety and fearful depression. She would have worked herself into a fever had it not been for the sincere good sense and unobtrusive sympathy of quiet Mary Cotterell, who understood her visitor well.

Then one day she darted into the house, dragged Mary to her room, and there burst out crying and laughing wildly. "I am so happy!—so happy!—oh, Mary, can't you guess?"

"What a child you are, Estelle! Of course I can guess, and I'm as glad as ever I can be, dearie. Tell me all about it."

"I was in the garden, and he came up the path—oh, I can't go on now—I'm just overwhelmed—frantic—my heart's beating all over me!"

"That dreadful, red-haired man?" said Mary, mischievously.

"How dare you call him dreadful! Yes, yes, I know that's what I said, but then I began to like him just a tiny little, and then it went on crescendo—crescendo—forte—fortissimo!"

She waved her hands as if conducting an orchestra, and ended on tiptoes, tossing them high above her head.

"So, after all, you can find a man you can trust," said Mary, half-jokingly, and not at all prepared for the sudden cloud that settled on Estelle's face. She did not answer at once, and then her tone had changed.

"Mary, you told me he was devoted to Eva Charlesworth."

"Oh, did I?" said Mary, much embar-

assed. "Well, I used to think so, but clearly I was mistaken."

"No, you were not. He told me about it himself. He says a long time ago he asked her to marry him, but she wouldn't. She said she liked somebody else, but he mustn't be angry with her; they must always be friends. So he took it very quietly, and stayed near her till I came, and then he found out he only cared for her like a brother, but for me in quite a different way. He says she is very good, but I hate her. I am frightened of her; she is so pretty and sweet, and I'm such a rough, undignified baby."

"Do you mean that you are going to begin by being jealous?" asked Mary, quite coldly.

"I have told him he must never let me see him near her!" declared Estelle, passionately.

Mary's first impulse was to be indignant, but the memory of Estelle's training came into her mind, and she resolved to be very patient and gentle with her. For the moment she dismissed the subject lightly.

As to Arthur Rivers, he walked away, too full of the happiness Estelle had conferred on him to think seriously of her confession of a jealous disposition. In the consciousness of his single-hearted devotion to her, he thought it impossible but that she must quickly learn to trust him. There were other considerations that seemed to him of more importance, and especially he had on his mind the difficult letter that must be immediately written to Madame Verries. But gradually he became aware that Estelle's distrust was far deeper seated than he had conceived possible, and it is hard to say which of the two suffered most. Estelle, alternating between jealousy and remorse, or Arthur, under the continual necessity of behaving not only to Eva Charlesworth, but to all women, with unnatural unfamiliarity, and of remonstrating with his angry betrothed. Estelle honestly strove to crush the unworthy feeling down, but their deep roots in her temperament and education put forth fresh shoots as soon as the old ones were killed off. At last a crisis arrived.

Eva Charlesworth had long ago promised to marry Hal Armitage as soon as he should be able to keep a wife, but her parents would allow no open engagement, with a great distaste for hard work, and corresponding little prospect of making a sufficient income. The poor girl was beginning to suffer from the effects of long waiting, and to feel, though she never doubted her lover's affection, that he was not doing all he might to forward their marriage, when it was mentioned before her one day that Arthur Rivers had a voice in the appointment of manager for some engineering works in New Zealand. Eva resolved to make an appeal to him on behalf of the man she was ready to follow to the end of the world, and an opportunity presented itself shortly at the Cotterells', where she was spending the evening.

"I want to speak to you in private presently, Arthur," she said in a low voice, almost as soon as they had shaken hands.

Arthur bowed with the stiffness required of him by Estelle, but his words were cordial. Whenever and wherever you like, Eva."

"In the conservatory, then, while Estelle is singing," she replied, indicating by a nervous little laugh her comprehension of possible difficulties.

Soon Estelle was called to the piano. At the end of her first song she missed Rivers, but it was not till she had finished a second that she discovered that Eva had also absented herself. In a moment her indignant jealousy surged up, and, trembling all over with suppressed fear and anger, she went to the head of the steps which led down into the conservatory. Two figures were standing below her, half hidden by a tall palm.

"You know I will do all I can for you, Eva," said the man.

"I know you have always been better to me than I deserve," said the woman, her voice hardly under control. "You will keep my secret now, Arthur?"

"I will keep your secret and serve you," said Rivers, with just that strong gentleness in his voice which Estelle thought he had no right to use to any one but her. The miserable girl clenched her hands and teeth in the effort to restrain herself, conscious of the unfitness of making a scene, but self-control was not to be learnt in a moment, and passion asserted itself.

"Arthur," she said, in a low, choking voice, and stepping down toward him, "you are a traitor—you have deceived me—you—"

she could hardly speak, and now she put one hand to her head, while the other, extended, forbade his approach. So she stood for a moment, then her figure swayed, she missed her footing, and he only caught the words, "Ah, you have killed me!" before she fell at his feet, sobbing, crying, raving, flinging herself about in violent hysterics, like one possessed.

Eva, shocked beyond measure, called Mary Cotterell to her aid, and, with as little fuss as possible, they got Estelle up-stairs, where she continued all night in a state of half-delirious misery and rage. The only thing that was distinct or persistent about was that she would never see or speak to Arthur again. He left the house in despair, pinning his only hope on Mary, who promised to bring the poor girl to reason. "Leave her to me for a few days," she said, and Rivers obeyed, devoting all his energies to getting Hal Armitage the colonial post desired for him by Eva.

Estelle, sorely ashamed of herself by this time, heard the news of his success from Mary, who added an explanation of the part played by Arthur.

"Are you satisfied now?" asked the latter, with the sternness she found more salutary than gentleness.

"Why hasn't Arthur been to see me?" asked Estelle, looking down.

"You went too far this time; you forgot that he has pride."

Estelle sprang up and dropped on her knees beside Mary's chair. "Let me go to him? Not to his house—I don't mean that, but somewhere where I shall meet him! Oh! my dear Mary, I do this one thing more for me, I implore you!"

"I don't think you deserve anything of the sort," said Mary sharply, and nothing like a promise could be extorted from her.

It was, therefore, of course, only a singular coincidence that the following

day Arthur should be walking through Coppensham Wood just when Mary and Estelle happened to be nutting there—or, rather Mary was nutting, while Estelle stood by in her Frenchified dress, and never so much as took off her gloves. It was lucky, too, that just when Arthur came upon them Mary should be high up from the ground in a thick bush, and quite out of sight and hearing behind the leafy screen which compassed her about.

Where were Estelle's low spirits now! She had meant to be very humble and penitent, but it was never any use for her to decide beforehand how she would behave, and now, when she saw the "dreadful red-haired man" approaching her, the pleasure of it was so great that everything else went out of her head. There was a stifle between them, and hastily gathering a field daisy, she went and stood her side of it, with a face full of childish gaiety.

"He loves me a little, much, more, not at all," she began, rapidly counting out the petals, and glancing mischievously at her lover, "a little, much, most of all!" she ended triumphantly, expecting him to clear the stifle in a moment and punish her with kisses for her bad behavior.

But Arthur did nothing of the kind. There was not a vestige of a smile on his worn face, and he looked at her so gravely that a sudden fear and heart-ache took possession of her.

"Arthur, forgive me," she said timidly, and, taking in both hers the hand he had laid on the stile.

"Am I never to be more than the plaything of your jealous caprice, Estelle?" he asked sadly.

"Ah, you are cruel! You are tormenting me, humbling me!" cried the girl, her cheeks flaming. "You think I have not suffered. Arthur, for pity's sake do not look at me like that!"

What could the man do? Did he not love this wayward child, with all her unjustifiable distrust of himself, better than anything else in the world?

First the position of their hands changed, for he put out his other one, and took both her little ones into his strong grasp. Then his tone softened: "Estelle, Estelle, how long will this phase last?"

"I will never, never doubt you again!" she exclaimed, passionately.

"Never till next time," said Rivers, with just a perceptible smile. "How am I ever to feel safer?"

She would have protested, but he silenced her. "Words are useless, my child," he said. "We must begin again from the beginning." And therewith he got over the stile, and proceeded to make love so delightfully, that when Mary descended from her perch and insisted on going home, Estelle thought and called her a "horrid bore."

But Mary was too well content with the completeness of their reconciliation to mind being abused. Nor had she any fear for the ultimate stability of their happiness, knowing that there was in Estelle plenty of good material, and that Arthur not only knew her well now, but would conquer in the end by sheer force of love and patience.

A Toboggan Slide.

The mode of procedure was as follows: The toboggan was put into the end of the chute, which came up to a square platform, like a spout into a well-curb. The bow-oarsman—so to speak—sat cross-legged, with his knees resting on the dashboard. He seized the ropes and braced himself. No. 2 sat down in the same fashion. She clutched No. 1 by the shoulders and murmured that they would die together. No. 3 did likewise. The steersman doubled up his left leg and sat on it, trailing the other behind in much the same manner that the rudder is appended to a canalboat. When the starter saw the last party disappear over the brow of the hill, he said "Go!" and go they did with a rush.

When the steersman put the helm hard a-port he kicked up a perfect cloud of snow. The sharp wind and the sharper particles of snow smote the riders in the face. The lamps and people floated by in a confused mass. Everything faded and grew indistinct except the consciousness that the riders were shooting through space and snow with a gentle, undulating motion, without jolt or jar. When the steersman understood his business the toboggan kept in the middle of the road. When he didn't it caromed first on one side of the trough and then on the other; but it couldn't go astray, neither could it run into a convenient lamppost. There was none of the rumbling and thumping that accompanies a ride on the "double runner" of New England or the less pretentious "bob sled" of Pennsylvania. There was no noise to tell how fast the toboggan was going. The sensations combined all the delights of falling down, down through unlimited space, without the drawback of bringing up against something hard. When the experience is ventured in any other than the regulation suit, it is a case of "Modified rapture." The rider's hat blows off; he has a faint sense of being out of place, and a young geyser of snow spouts up each sleeve to meet and mingle somewhere in the neighborhood of the backbone. Owing to the softness of the snow the toboggans did not go quite to the end of the slide. When the snow is thoroughly packed the toboggans ought to go half the way to Cape May. Working up and down the track was a club servant arrayed in a fiery red ulster, with a hood of like hue, making him look like a polar Mephistopheles. He had a snow shovel, and was engaged in "mending road" as they say "down East." A brother Mephistopheles did police duty at the head of the slide to see that only members wearing badges were allowed to hurl themselves down the chute.—*New York Tribune*.

Picturesque.

The most picturesque figures in the upper house of Congress are Senators Hampton and Butler, of South Carolina, and Senator Berry, of Arkansas. The total number of legs they can boast of is three. Butler lost his right leg at the battle of Brandy Station on the 9th of June, 1863; Berry lost his at the battle of Corinth, Miss., October 4, 1862; Hampton, after riding gallantly through the war without serious injury, lost his by a fall from his horse.—*Utica Courier*.

The czar of all the Russias has gone into amateur photography.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farming That Does Not Pay.

That farm does not pay where there is no system about work, where matters are always in more or less confusion and things are behindhand the season round. No business can prosper that is based on shifting, haphazard methods. Every month of the year has its proper work, and every effort should be made to have the work on the farm done within its proper limits. It is not difficult to do work well if it is done systematically. But it is not only very hard, but very annoying and discouraging to work without definite plans and aims. It is a good time to begin now at the opening of the new year to put method into work and arrange plans as far as possible for the coming season.

Farming does not pay where the farmer, the corner grocery, or the postoffice has a larger share of time and attention of the farmer than his meadows and grain fields. No crops worth having are planted or harvested in the rendezvous of the village idler and gossip-monger. Is does not pay to talk politics or discuss the latest arrival in town when the corn and potatoes need hoeing, the fences repairing, the fall work clearing and preparing, and a hundred other things are wanting to be done.

No man can succeed on a farm or anywhere else who takes greater delight in telling what he can do than in actual doing. The farmer's business is on his farm and not on the shady side of a tavern porch or hanging over a road fence interviewing passers by. Neither is it his business to race up and down the country attending caucuses, or going to vendues to buy up worthless trash because it is cheap. Such business does not pay even where the farmer's place is filled with hired help. A careless, shiftless, idle farmer can seldom get a hired man to stay with him who is any better than himself. A live, energetic, and really valuable man will not work long for such an employer, while the lazy and worthless are only too glad to remain with such an easy master. That farm does not pay where there is too much dependence on hired help, no matter how efficient such help may be.

That farm is not profitable where an intelligent and progressive spirit is not manifested in its management. While it is neither necessary nor advisable to adopt all the latest methods in farming, or any of the agricultural vagaries of the day, it will not do to be "behind the times." No industry has made greater progress in the past few years in the way of improved methods than farming. Every year witnesses some marked improvement in agricultural tools and machinery, in breeds of cattle and other stock, in ways of raising and harvesting crops, in new varieties of grain and vegetables, and in many other things that are of prime importance in agriculture. It pays to adopt a conservative course in these matters, and keep abreast of the times so far as that means to take advantage of all those improvements that use and experiment have shown to be of real value.

That farm does not pay any better in the end where there is too much work than where there is too little. On the whole, no doubt the idler and the spendthrift get more enjoyment out of life than the miser and the slave. Nothing is lost but much gained in the long run by so commingling work and recreation as to make both conduce to health and happiness. It does not pay to be niggardly and grasping, to labor only for things that perish with the using, and neglect those matters that concern the welfare of the higher and nobler part. It does not pay to neglect the family, the home and the church in the eager desire to heap up riches.—*Observer.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Oats and rye are very similar to each other in composition. To make a good feed for horses corn should be mixed with them. A bushel of rye, two bushels of oats, and five of corn, ground together, will make excellent food.

A Missouri farmer who has been testing seed-corn from the butt, the tip and the middle of the ears for three years finds that the corn from the tips of the ears will ripen first, that from the middle next, and that from the butt last.

If you have an old grape-vine that yields poorly and has seen its best days, cut it entirely off close to the ground, manure heavily and let it throw up two new leaders, and the following year you will see that it is as good as a young vine.

Every cow should be taught to lead when she is young and tractable, and the convenience arising from such an education in after life would more than pay for the trouble. A cow that will lead is worth \$10 more than a cow without this accomplishment.

A recent traveler in England reports that fully one-half of the wheat and other grain is cut with the sickle in many localities. The British farmer is extremely conservative, and is less disposed than his brethren on the Continent to adopt Yankee inventions and improvements.

There is no more desirable vine for covering trellises and porches than a wisteria. It is strong and a rapid grower. When well established it will grow twenty feet or more in one season. It flowers profusely in long, graceful clusters. A large plant in bloom is a beautiful sight.

Lime slaked with salt water and then properly thinned with skim milk, from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for outdoor work, and, it is said, renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving wood and for all factory purposes.

A horse is not fully mature until six years of age. Immature animals are often overtaxed and their future usefulness discounted. Young horses should not be worked too hard if they are expected to live to a green and useful old age. A horse does not come to his full intelligence until eight years of age. Nor is it safe before this time to allow him to remain unhitched, unless trained so to stand.

There should be fruit trees near every farm-house, and the house slops, especially from chambers, can be made most useful in fertilizing them. If the trees are at inconvenient distances, then a barrel partly filled with dry earth may be used as an absorbent, and if a little fresh soil is put on it daily, no offensive odor will arise. Every few months a

quantity of valuable fertilizer will thus be accumulated.

When a pig is thoroughly fattened it gains in weight quite slowly in proportion to the food consumed. This is especially the case on the approach of cold weather. A further consideration in favor of early slaughtering is found in the fact that hogs over fed are always more liable to disease, and even when not absolutely sick their flesh is less wholesome than that of animals which have not been unnaturally forced.

If pork has ever soured or spoiled in a barrel it is not safe to use it for pork again, no matter how thoroughly it may be cleansed. The cost of a new barrel warranted to preserve the pork is much less than the value of meat which it will hold. It is true the fault may not originally be in the barrel but rather in the modes of management, but having once spoiled a lot of pork the barrel had better thereafter be left to other uses.

During the winter, when nothing else can be done, a farmer handy with tools may fashion out various kinds of wooden implements, axe helms, whiffletrees and the like, to replace breakage during the busy season. The use of tools in this way will accustom the farmer to do various kinds of work, which after all is better for mind and body than absolute inactivity. With too many farmers winter is a season of such entire leisure that it unfits them for active duties even when spring calls to work.

The horse and cow stables should be near enough together so that the manure from both kinds of animals may be thrown in one heap. A still better way is to spread each indiscriminately over the yard, mixing with more straw, and allow stock to run over it in the daytime. The horse manure is much the most active, but if kept by itself will burn away its volatile properties. By mixing horse manure with cow manure each kind will correct the deficiencies of the other.

As sheep are placed in winter quarters they should be looked after to destroy ticks. It is not necessary to go through an entire flock examining every sheep in detail. All the ticks will be concentrated on a few of the poorest and thinnest in flesh, and thorough fumigation of these with tobacco smoke, or rubbing fine tobacco in the wool will destroy them. Ticks will not attack fat sheep, because the oil on their wool gets into their breathing pores and destroys them. And when a sheep already poor in flesh is attacked by ticks, it soon becomes too feeble to make a further contest for life.

Household Hints and Recipes.

Glue is rendered waterproof by first soaking it in water until it becomes soft, and then melting it, with gentle heat, in linseed oil.

To keep a new iron pot from rusting, each time you put it away, after using it, give it a good rub over with a little grease that has no salt in it.

Bread fried in this way is relished for breakfast or lunch: Beat three eggs and season them with salt and pepper; cut some bread in thin slices and dip them in the beaten egg and fry a delicate brown in hot lard.

To clean windows, show cases, mirrors, and glassware, dip a damp cloth in whiting, and rub on the glass, rub to get off all dirt, then let it dry on; after which rub with a dry cloth; it is nice for nickel-plating knives and forks.

Graham muffins made in this way are wholesome for breakfast: One quart of graham flour, one tablespoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt sifted. To this add two eggs well beaten, two ounces of melted butter and enough milk to form a thin batter, mixing thoroughly. Bake in muffin rings or pans half filled with the batter in a brisk oven.

Cabbage salad is recommended: Slice a small white cabbage very fine with a sharp knife. Put half a cup of vinegar in one saucepan and half a cup of milk in another. When the vinegar is hot, add one tablespoonful of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Let all come to a boiling point and then add the finely-cut cabbage; set the pan on the range where it will not boil but be kept very hot, covering closely. When the milk is hot, mix with it one well-beaten egg and set it on the fire, stirring until it thickens. Turn the cabbage into a salad bowl, pour the hot egg and milk over it, mixing thoroughly with a silver fork. Cover the bowl while the cabbage is still hot and set where it will cool very rapidly. Serve cold.

This recipe for chicken pie is from the note book of an excellent cook: Cut up two small chickens and put them in a saucepan with one quarter of a pound of salt pork cut in thin slices, adding salt and pepper. Cover with water and simmer until done; then set aside until cold. Make a paste of one quart of flour, with which is mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two large tablespoonfuls of clarified beef drippings or butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of granulated sugar. Mix together and moisten with sweet milk until a soft dough is formed. Roll out half the dough and line a well-buttered tin pan with it. Fill with the chicken and broth, adding a tablespoonful of butter. Set an inverted cup in the centre, roll out the other half of the paste and cover the pie with it. Make a large incision in the middle of the paste and press the sides of the upper and lower crust well together. If all the broth be not used at first, add through the opening during the baking. The pie should be baked in a moderate oven.

Improvement of Hearing.

A prize is offered of 3,000 francs (\$600), by Baron Leon de Lenz, of Nice, France, for the best readily portable instrument constructed according to the principal of the microphone, for improvement of hearing in cases of partial deafness. The award committee will receive instruments intended for competition up to December 31, 1897. The awarding of the prize will take place at the fourth international congress for otology, to be held at Brussels, in September, 1898.—*Scientific American.*

"If London did not have its 400 city missionaries," said the earl of Shaftesbury the other day, "it would require 40,000 more police."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

From tests made by Dr. Fischer, the German chemist, it appears that in ordinary stoves not more than twenty per cent. of the fuel consumed is utilized in warming the rooms.

Both cork and camphor trees grow finely in California, and it is believed that their cultivation might be made very profitable. Olive trees also flourish, and the number of orchards is increasing.

Krupp's famous works at Essen have turned out a larger number of guns during the last three months than are usually produced in a whole year. The heaviest delivery was made to Turkey, after which came Greece and Serbia.

Some Indian arrow heads were lately shown at the Societe d'Anthropologie, Paris, which were poisoned with curare over a century ago, but still retained their deadly power. Small animals scratched with them died in half an hour.

Lieutenant Greely has arrived at a firm conviction that ice in the sea never forms to a depth of more than five feet to ten feet. The floes and icebergs of great thickness that are encountered floating out at sea, he maintains, are mere detached portions of the great polar ice-cap.

There is some prospect that cocaine, the valuable anaesthetic, will not always be as costly a remedy, and, therefore, as inaccessible to the people in general as heretofore. According to the *Vienna Medical Journal* cocaine has been successfully procured, not from cocoa leaves, but in a synthetic way from chemicals by W. Merck, in Darmstadt, and others.

A London paper asserts that the highest velocity yet imparted to a cannon ball is 1,626 feet per second, equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds; thus, if a cannon ball were fired due west, and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.

French vine growers are at their wits' end to find a proper remedy for the diseases which affect their plants, most of the chemical preparations hitherto used having utterly failed to check the ravages of insects. One of the latest remedies proposed—namely, the plunging of pine tops under the vine stocks—has at least the merits of simplicity and cheapness. Its discoverers, if they can be so called, aver that the resinous properties in the pines will prove of sufficient strength to kill the puceron which causes so much trouble in the vineyards. But this remains to be seen.

In an address before the Liverpool Geological society, by Professor Reade, on "The Denudation of the Two Americas," he shows that 150,000,000 tons of matter, in solution, are annually poured into the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi river, and this, it is estimated, would reduce the time for the denudation of one foot of land over the whole basin—which time has hitherto been calculated solely from the matter in suspension—from one foot in 6,000 years to one foot in 4,500 years. Similar calculations applied to the La Plata, the Amazon, and the St. Lawrence show that an average of 100 tons to the square mile, per annum, are removed from the whole American continent. This, it is stated, agrees with results previously arrived at by Professor Reade in respect to Europe, from which it is inferred that the whole of the land draining into the Atlantic from America, Africa, Europe and Asia, contributes matter in solution which, if reduced to rock at two tons to the cubic yard, would equal one cubic mile every six years.

Anecdote of Washington's Boyhood.

There is a story told of George Washington's boyhood—unfortunately there are not many stories—which is to the point. His father had taken a great deal of pride in his blooded horses, and his mother afterward took great pains to keep the stock pure. She had several young horses that had not yet been broken, and one of them in particular, a sorrel, was extremely spirited. No one had been able to do anything with it, and it was pronounced thoroughly vicious, as people are apt to pronounce horses which they have not learned to master. George was determined to ride this colt, and told his companions that if they would help him catch it, he would ride and tame it.

Early in the morning they set out for the pasture, where the boys managed to surround the sorrel and then to put a bit into its mouth. Washington sprang on its back, the boys dropped the bridle, and away flew the angry animal. Its rider at once began to command; the horse resisted, backing about the field, rearing and plunging. The boys became thoroughly alarmed, but Washington kept his seat, never once losing his self-control or his mastery of the colt. The struggle was a sharp one; when suddenly, as if determined to rid itself of its rider, the creature leaped into the air with a tremendous bound. It was its last. The violence burst a blood-vessel, and the noble horse fell dead.

Before the boys could sufficiently recover to consider how they should extricate themselves from the scrape, they were called to breakfast; and the mistress of the house knowing that they had been in the fields, began to ask after her stock.

"Pray, young gentlemen," said she, "have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of. My favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire."

The boys looked at one another, and no one liked to speak. Of course the mother repeated her question.

"The sorrel is dead, madam," said her son. "I killed him!"

And then he told the whole story. They say that his mother flushed with anger, as her son often used to, and then, like him, controlled herself, and presently said quietly:

"It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."—*St. Nicholas.*

Boy and Man.

Now the little boy, With a smile of gloom and joy, Slyly hides around the corner while the stately man goes by. And then the snowball fits, And the stately man hits, And knocks his new Fedora right down upon his eye.

—*Cleveland Graphic.*

CAPTURE OF A SEA COW.

SECURING A RARE AMERICAN MONSTER IN FLORIDA.

An Animal Which is Little Known—What the Manatee Looks Like—A Hunt for One.

A communication to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* from St. Lucie bay, Florida, says: The St. Lucie river is only ten miles in length. It is the shortest river in Florida, if not in America. Certain persons contend that it is merely a part of Indian river. A small stream is formed from the waters that ooze from the Halbatteoka Flats and broadens and deepens until it is navigable for small boats, and when it reaches St. Lucie bay it is of quite respectable size. There is something peculiar about this stream. Along its banks plants are found which are sought for in vain elsewhere, and the Indians regard it with mysterious awe, so that it might be with propriety called the Ganges of the Seminoles. But the characteristics which give it such importance in the eyes of the hunter is that here alone is found the rare manatee, or American sea-cow. These animals were once quite abundant in many parts of the extreme South, but to-day the St. Lucie river is the only locality where the manatee can be looked for with any degree of certainty. The high price paid for these rare animals by naturalists and museums induces many people in this region to hunt them, and it was my good fortune recently to be present at the capture of a large one. It is a very difficult task, for here is a creature whose life is not to be found anywhere else in the world. There is no more awkward, helpless, or curious animal. The head is broad, and the eyes are completely hidden by heavy folds of skin. The mouth is shaped very much like that of a cow in every way but the teeth. These are so long and sharp that one might at first be led to believe that they belonged to a carnivorous species. Nevertheless, the sea-cow is a strict vegetarian and eats nothing but aquatic plants. It has been asserted that its only food is the manatee grass, which grows in immense quantities in the St. Lucie river. The grass has large, broad blades, and is found in eight or ten feet of water, growing on the bottom and extending to the surface.

A full-grown manatee should weigh about 1,200 pounds, although one monster was captured many years ago which weighed 1,500 pounds. Such a one would be twelve feet in length and have a girth of four feet. They are provided with flippers about ten inches in length, and the body diminishes into a large, fan-like tail similar to the porpoise. The skin is black and sparsely covered with short, black hair. They move with considerable rapidity through the water, and although a most clumsy-looking animal when on land, they understand very well how to conduct themselves in their native element. They possess, perhaps, the most acute hearing of all animals. So delicate and perfect is this sense in the manatee that the sound of an oar, no matter how carefully handled, will alarm them at a distance of half a mile. It is a common habit in Key West and other towns in Southern Florida, in speaking of a man who hears like a manatee. This is a wise dispensation of Providence, for the manatee is lacking in almost every ordinary means of self-defense. When caught they never attempt to bite, and can in no way resent the indignities offered by their captors. Their flesh is excellent eating. The fattest, juiciest beef is by no means equal to it.

A hunter named Kelly, with two or three companions, recently started out on a manatee hunt. They had a large marlin net and a wooden tank for the purpose of keeping the animal alive should one be caught. The spot selected was a cove formed by a bend in the river, where the water was twelve feet deep. The net, which was 300 feet long, was extended between stakes set firmly in the bottom, and the hunters retired to their huts in the adjacent woods and patiently awaited results. Two or three times a day they went down and inspected the net, but nothing was to be seen except an occasional alligator, who beat a hasty retreat through the large meshes of the net as soon as he perceived the danger he was in. A small rowboat was used in going to and from the net, which was about a quarter of a mile from the shore. After two weeks of waiting they were rewarded by seeing the floats bobbing about in a lively fashion. Excitedly, but with sure movements, the men took a bundle of inch rope and set out for the captured prize, who was creating quite a commotion in the water, and tangling himself up beautifully in the relentless meshes of the marlin net.

The monster was soon tugged into shallow water. A combination of ropes and pulleys was arranged, and he was dragged ashore. With his 1,200 pounds he was by no means easily managed. He was then placed in the tank, which was six by ten feet, and kept until a sloop arrived, which conveyed the precious freight to Key West. This was a male, and not long ago a female was caught. I do not know where or to whom they were sold, or at what price. Some years ago P. T. Barnum paid \$1,000 in gold for a manatee of small size, and their extreme rarity at the present time would cause them to be valued at perhaps three times as much. The animal was kept for fully a week before the sloop arrived, and I formed an intimate acquaintance with the strange creature. For the first day or two he was shy, but I commenced patting him on the head, and when he saw that my intentions were good our acquaintance ripened into something like friendship. He opened his mouth and devoured bananas, cabbage leaves and delicate bits of vegetables which I offered him. During the week the water in the tank was changed twice—once with fresh and once with salt water; one is as good as the other for the manatee. In days long gone by the Seminole Indians, living in White-water bay, near Cape Sable, killed the manatee, jerked the flesh, and sold it to the Spaniards at a good price. Ten years ago the meat could be bought at fifty cents a pound. There is no doubt that the manatee is rapidly becoming an extinct animal. Like the dodo bird, which flourished in the East in the middle ages, but is now extinct, the sea-cow will pass out of existence, and will be looked upon a few centuries hence as a monstrosity.

WISE WORDS.

Let friendship gently creep to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

It is no help to a sailor to see a flash of light across a darkness, if he does not instantly steer accordingly.

In studying character, do not be blind to the shortcomings of a warm friend or the virtues of a bitter enemy.

The petty annoyances of life should be seized upon as occasion for the cultivation of patience and forbearance.

'Tis an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty; but much worse not to make use of lawful endeavors to avoid it.

Words are spiritual forces, angels of blessing or of cursing. Unuttered, we control them; uttered, they control us.

Nothing is so important as having some clear, definite purpose in life. There is no tragedy so sad as that of a wasted life.

A man who strives earnestly and perseveringly to convince others, at least convinces us that he is convinced himself.

There is nothing so demoralizing in business nowadays as the chance element; and in the long run, nothing so disastrous.

As we grow in years and experience, we become more tolerant, for it is rare to see a fault we have not ourselves committed.

Weddings often leave old familiar hearts and places are haunted and empty as funerals. They are the funerals of old associations.

An Adding Machine.

C. G. Spalding, who keeps books for Day & Johnson, says the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, has perfected a machine that is designed to aid brother bookkeepers and accountants in running up long lines of figures. He has been at work on the invention since 1873, and had the thing patented something like a year ago. The machine is encased in a wooden box about eight inches square and three inches deep, and, lifting the cover, the interior is seen to hold an enameled white surface, on which are two dials, and which shows the brass keyboard in the lower left hand corner. The larger dial of the two is on the left of the machine, and is divided into 100 sections. The rim of the smaller dial is likewise cut into twenty sections. The first dial is called the unit pointer. That which moves about the pointer. A little finger play on the brass keyboard makes the object of the dials and the reason of the pointer's names quickly understood.

The nine keys on the board are numbered from one to nine and are placed in regular order, but also in two rows, two, four, six and eight being above and the odd numbers below. The key is a brass upright, and as the finger draws on it a spring allows it to slip back toward the lower end of the box. The pulling of each key on the board sends the unit pointing along on its journey around the dial as many points as there are units in the number of the key. Pull the nine key and the dial set at naught goes to nine. Pull the same key again and the unit pointer moves to eighteen. Pull the one, two and three keys now and the pointer goes consecutively with a hop, skip and jump to twenty-four. When the unit pointer, keeping up its agile athletics, has reached its starting point again, there is a quick little motion on the right hand dial. The pointer then has "dotted and gone one." The machine's internal clockwork is more accurate than a human hand can hope to be. It isn't troubled with malaria, nor is it ever larger in the morning than it was the night before. All the accountant has to do is to run his eye up and down the columns, pulling each respective key as he reaches the corresponding figure. A day is sufficient in which to learn the key-board, and the motion of the hand quickly becomes almost involuntary. The expert can run the figures in the head and on the key-board simultaneously, thus "proving" his work by one trip up or down the column. Carrying is performed by setting the pointer at the number to be carried. To set the unit pointer all that is necessary is to hold down key 1 and turn the pointer forward to a number one less than the one carried. On releasing key 1 the pointer is on the desired number. The hundred pointer can be moved in either direction. The hand easily operates the nine keys thus: Nos. 1, 2 and 3 with the first finger, 4 and 5 with the second, 6 and 7 with the third, 8 and 9 with the fourth. The inventor claims for the machine unerring accuracy and surprising rapidity. He says an expert can add 240 figures a minute with it.

Tippling the Waiter.

Speaking of tips, the other evening I supped at the St. James with an old friend from California, a prodigal and a bon vivant. The change brought by the obese and well greased waiter consisted of a five-dollar bill and two dimes. My host lifted the bill, and the waiter, with an insolence as magnificent as it was original, took the dimes from the salver, laid them on the cloth, and departed with an undisguised shrug. A twenty-cent tip for a ten-dollar check was not enough for him. My Eldorado friend smiled and glistened at me in his palm a silver dollar which he had drawn from his pocket. We went out, he rattling the dimes and the dollar as he went. At the door a miserable urchin was vending the stray remnants of his stock of evening papers. My friend took them in bulk, dropped the three silver pieces into his filthy paw, and as we walked down Broadway tore up the papers and scattered the fragments into the street. When the last strips had fluttered off, he said solemnly:

"I'm blessed if I ever give a waiter a tip again! Have you any fire?"

But it is, after all, the fault of the waiter whom our prodigals spoil that he refuses to devour husks! One evening I was talking to Siro Delmonico when I noticed a youngster at the next table, who had had half a dollar's worth of brandy, leave the change of a two-dollar note for the waiter.

"He did not have to earn that money," said Delmonico, grimly.

Delmonico himself never tipped a waiter. Neither, by the way, did A. T. Stewart.

—*New York To-Day.*

"Ouida's" English publishers give her \$7,000 for every book she writes.

THE AFTERGLOW.

The tired eyelids of the Day Droop heavily; the faint light flashes In golden gleams beneath her lashes. To charm the dark, advancing night, She throws a backward smile of light; But still she lingers lovely Day.

And while she waits, the shadows steal Across the meadow, o'er the bay, While in the distance far away The hills float in a purple haze, And to my eager, lingering gaze, The white sails dip and reel.

Upon the rocky cliff I wait. The filmy, fleecy clouds that fly In scurrying crowds across the sky Have caught the radiance and the light That wrap the earth in garments bright. But still I watch and wait.

With music sweet the waters flow, And softly kiss the waiting sand. Lo! over hilltop, wave and land, Touching the woods with mellow light, Linger in colors warm and bright, Soft gleams the afterglow.

The dying smile of day grows dim, And night with somber mien appears My heart is sad, and through my tears I watch the waters' silvery sheen, The golden ring of light that's seen Around the horizon's rim.

The gorgeous coloring of the West Grows faint and fainter, and the light Of stars gleams softly to my sight. Oh, Light divine, oh, holy Love, Shine brightly thro' the gates above, And to my heart bring rest.

—*Jenniela Verne Blowers, in Free Press.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A big spread—The sky.

A high old time—The town clock.

Likely to be mistaken—An engaged Miss.—*Life.*

A one-legged man will never be troubled with wet feet.

Man wants the earth, and woman wants—the man.—*Bill Nye.*

Because the baby is a little yellor it's no sign he is a Chinaman.—*Palmer Journal.*

There were only seven wonders of the world in ancient days. That was before the dude was invented.—*Somerville Journal.*

A St. Louis girl thinks she's an angel. She caught sight of her ears in the mirror, and mistook them for wings.—*California Maerick.*

"How shall a cabbage worm be treated?" asks an exchange. That is difficult to answer. We should like to know what the worm would like before we answer.—*Graphic.*

A late dispatch from Portland says that Oregon has a wild man. Dakota will have quite a number of them should the present Congress fail to admit her as a State.—*Merchant-Traveller.*

"I consider him a bold, arrogant man." "Yes, I know he is now, but he won't be very long." "And why not, I should like to know?" "He is to be married next week."—*Chicago Ledger.*

The name of the new Swedish minister to the United States is Kjol. He isn't as skittish as a young cjolt, but is said to have a powerful hjoit on the English language.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A poet says: "I kissed her on the balco ny." The balcony must be a new name for a portion of the human anatomy, and is evidently located immediately under the eaves of the nose. If it isn't it should be.—*Norristown Herald.*

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* says the nerves which convey pain are rather slow in their power to convey information, but anybody who ever stepped on a cat's tail with abrupt suddenness will be likely to entertain stalwart views in the opposite direction.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Well, I never knew that before!" said Mrs. Gummidge, looking over the edge of her newspaper. "What's that, my dear?" asked Mr. G. "Why, that Mr. Parrell is a bachelor!" "Well, you might have guessed it. He's in favor of home rule." Mrs. Gummidge was silent a long, long time, wondering just what her husband meant. Meantime Mr. Gummidge went out and sat on the back doorstep like a prudent man.—*Chicago News.*

HEALTH HINTS.

Half a teaspoonful of common salt dissolved in a little cold water and drunk will instantly relieve "heartburn" or dyspepsia.

Dr. Vigoroux recommends a glass of hot lemonade every hour or half hour, as an easy, agreeable and efficient treatment for diarrhoea.

Never wash the feet in warm water except just before retiring. Cold water with a little ammonia or salt dropped in, is much pleasanter, and more healthful.

Coarse brown paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead is good for a sick headache. If the eyelids are gently bathed in cool water, the pain in the head is generally allayed.

No disease ever comes without a cause or without a warning; hence endeavor to think back for the cause, with a view to avoid it in the future, and on the instant of any unpleasant bodily sensation, cease eating until it has disappeared, at least for twenty-four hours.

A Continued Story.

"'Tis twilight, and the purple haze— (Et cetera, as 'tis in stories). 'One of those perfect autumn days'— 'Departing rays of sunlight gleams'— A maiden, blonde—you understand— A hero—see some novel's text; He draws her closer to him, and— To be continued in our next.

They gaze into each other's eyes, While he proceeds to grasp her firmer, They breathe the customary sigh, The brooklet purrs its usual murmur. The youth renews his grasp again, She does not seem at all perplexed; He holds her close once more, and then— To be continued in our next.

The Twilight deepens soft and slow; But still they linger there together. The kine serenely homeward go, The perfumed air is filled with weather. The question then he pops to her: No need to say she is not vexed. She answers softly

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Legislative Matters.

The Committee on Towns is having larger calls upon its time than it anticipated in forming a conclusion in regard to other petitions. As a consequence, the hearing set down for Tuesday, on the petition to divide Medford, stands postponed to Thursday, Feb. 11th.

The hearing on the weekly payment measure was concluded on Tuesday. In closing George J. Moulton, for the Knights of Labor, urged a general law for weekly payments with a penalty for non-compliance; if that could not be had they did not want anything. He opposed the exemption of railroads, declaring that they were exempted enough already.

Speaker Brackett announced the redistricting committee on Tuesday, and the joint committee is now organized and ready for work. The existing districts were formed in 1876. The State will be divided into eight councilor and forty senatorial districts of contiguous territory. The committee will first construct the senatorial districts, and then give a councilor, if possible, to each group of five Senate districts. The constitution has been interpreted to mean that every county shall have at least one representative, although neither Dukes nor Nantucket has as many legal voters as will be required of the other representative districts. The average number of legal voters to each councilor district under the apportionment of ten years ago was 43,889, while the new apportionment will be made on a basis of 55,326 legal voters. The Senate ratio will be 11,065, against 8876 under the present arrangement, while on an average there will be 1844 legal voters to each representative, where the average has heretofore been 1462.

Sergeant-at-arms Adams has renominated all the old subordinates of his department remaining on the list, and they now await the action of the president and speaker who have the power of confirming or rejecting. Captain Adams summoned the officers and men to room 12 at the State House on Wednesday, where he made them a little speech. He told them that he was favorably impressed with the way in which they were discharging their duties, and assured them he didn't intend to make any removals except for cause. The chief intimated that meddling with legislation or indulgence in too much drink would be deemed such cause. On the same day Senator Scott introduced an order in the Senate placing the employees of the sergeant-at-arms under the provisions of the civil service act.

Thursday was a quiet day in the Senate as might have been expected after the rush of the previous day, the last to receive new business, but the House offered much in the way of interest to the spectator at least in the discussion of the trustee process bill, which essayed to establish the one hundred dollar limit, favored by the labor reformers and others, but it was finally rejected. A discussion of the proposed House rule to do away with roll calls on excuses from voting as a means of filibustering lasted until nearly 5 o'clock, when an adjournment was ordered, with a roll call pending on the main question. Senator Scott's civil service rule in regard to the sergeant-at-arms was adopted by a vote of 108 to 53.

The minute on the records of the Loyal Legion in regard to the late Henry P. Kidder, is as follows:—

Kidder, Henry Parkitt—Elected May 3, 1882. Third class. No. 2462. Address, Boston. A gentleman in civil life, who, during the Rebellion, was specially distinguished for conspicuous and consistent loyalty. Constantly consulted on subjects of finance by State and National Governments. Magnificent in gifts in support of all loyal interests. Earnest in all patriotic service.

Any man has lived a grand life who makes such a record as that; but Mr. Kidder made many such.

At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen of Cambridge, last Tuesday evening, the Joint Special Committee on a new bridge to Boston reported, recommending the construction of an iron bridge with stone piers and abutments, extending from Front street, Cambridge, to West Chester Park, Boston, the same to be at the joint expense of said cities and divided equally between them, and that the city is now ready to negotiate with Boston for the building of the bridge. The report was accepted and the recommendations were unanimously adopted.

The Press Dinner.

The annual winter re-union of the Mass. Press Association, made up of the publishers and editors of the Commonwealth outside of Boston (the Hub has its own union) was held on Tuesday, at the U. S. Hotel, in Boston. Mr. Loomis, of the Holyoke Transcript, who filled the office of President with such signal ability last year, positively declined the re-election unanimously tendered him, and Mr. Geo. M. Whitaker of the Southbridge Journal, who for years served the Association as secretary, was elected to the position. The other officers are the same as last year. Appropriate notice was taken of the death of three of the most prominent members (Hon. George Foster of Andover, Hon. Charles W. Slack of Boston and George K. Snow of Watertown) since the last meeting, and the feeling and well chosen words of the Historian, Mr. Francis Proctor, of Gloucester, were ordered to be entered upon the records of the Association. The fine portrait of Mr. Slack, the property of the Massachusetts Club, rested on an easel in the parlor, and many felt his very presence as they looked on the familiar face. The dinner was served at 3 o'clock, in the handsomely decorated dining hall of the U. S., and the popular Tilley Haynes, the proprietor, was highly successful in pleasing the 170 guests that gathered about the tables. After dinner President Loomis rapped to order and in a peculiarly happy speech opened the exercises, and then introduced His Excellency George D. Robinson, who was handsomely received. When the applause had subsided he said:—

"To be so cordially invited to a gathering of this kind is itself sufficient to ensure an acceptance. But I had another impulse, for I have most pleasant remembrances of being with you two years ago. It is very pleasant to have the doors so cordially thrown open. Here I am welcomed to all the sanctuaries of the editors of the Commonwealth. And I am going in, too. (Applause.) Not only into the editor's sanctum, but, I hope, into your hearts and respect. (Continued applause.) There has been real satisfaction, after floundering around, to come here to the head center of information. The speaker referred to the supposed impersonality of newspapers, saying that it was not so; that the sentiments of a paper were strictly the personal expressions of the writer of the articles. He thought that editorials should be signed. When a man is pitched into it, it is but right that he should know who it is that writes against him. He did not think that this would in any way decrease the influence of the press; in fact, he thought the contrary. He thought that the newspapers had in late years been undergoing a change. More attention is paid to the chronicling of daily happenings, the papers becoming as it were mirrors of facts, and leaving essays and criticisms of the occurrences to journals of less frequent publication. In some things he thought that the newspapers go too far. It is very wrong, he said, to give so much space to prize fights and the like. He could not see why prize fighters, scamps and rascals are daily given columns, while those who are living a Christian life and doing good on every side are passed unnoticed. "Is it not time," said he, "to call a halt?" An inculcable harm is being done the young people of this country by such sensational articles. The news can be presented in a bright way, without being too sensational, and there are certain people who should have but one line a day. If I ran the press of the country, and I am capable of doing it, you know (laughter), I would punish wrongdoers by severely letting them alone. I would not allow any disreputable man to look over my paper, and say that he had created a bigger sensation than any man living."

Col. Wright, Gen. Swift and others followed with pleasant words, the exercises being interspersed with grand vocal selections by the Ruggles Quartet (male) Quartette and the Mendelssohn (ladies) Quartette, both of which were applauded to the echo. Later in the evening the members and guests attended a performance of "The Rat Catcher," at the invitation of Mr. McGlennen, business manager of the Boston Theatre.

The controversy between the President and the Senate, which now seems inevitable, is to be deplored because no good can come of it and because the country, which believes that Congress has more important duties to attend to, will be quite sure to be disgusted with a prolonged contest involving matters of no greater importance than whether Democrats or Republicans shall be Postmasters or Collectors of Internal Revenue. But while we believe that the Republican Senators might have avoided this controversy by assuming that the President suspended Republican officers to make room for Democrats, which is the fact, the President is mainly responsible for whatever contention there may be over this subject.

On the evening of the 1st inst. a bill was introduced in the New York Assembly, granting the consent of the State to the gift of James W. Drexel of his cottage on Mt. McGregor to the United States. Mr. Drexel asks that the United States may acquire a legal title and maintain the Grant Cottage as a memorial. About forty feet square of land go with the cottage. The latter contains about \$20,000 in furniture, and is now exactly as it was when Gen. Grant died.

Next Monday some changes in the running time of trains on the Boston & Lowell railroad, but they mainly affect the Massachusetts Central Branch and the main line. See time table for changes.

Law and Order League.

The editor of the organ of this most important factor in the good government of our State, calls attention to the fact that four years have nearly elapsed since the League was organized, and says we have yet to see printed or heard stated any valid argument against the purposes of the League. It proposes to do all it properly can to secure the enforcement of the liquor laws as they stand, leaving the amendment of the law to others. As to methods employed Mr. Dudley truthfully remarks:—

"The employment of persons to detect violations of these laws seems to us quite as legitimate as the use of the same means to detect and punish other classes of offenders. We hear no complaint when detectives are used to further the ends of justice in any other particular. The effectiveness of our methods have been too often proved to leave any doubts in our minds about the necessity for such or similar methods. Only a short time since, the officers of a branch League in an adjoining city came to us and said they had reason to believe that liquor was being sold, and that the police could not secure the evidence. We sent a detective and he obtained the evidence in less than an hour, and a seizure was made and a very large stock of liquors was found and sufficient evidence to convict the seller without using the detective as a witness. We expect those whose nefarious ends are thwarted by our agents to complain of them, but we cannot understand why those who profess a desire to see the liquor laws enforced should cry out against the most effective means yet devised for securing that result. In Chicago the agents of the League are all clothed with police powers, and they all have the responsibility which official station gives. We have not yet succeeded in securing such powers for our agents in Boston."

The State has the following to say in regard to that most important matter of redistricting the Commonwealth in accordance with the population ascertained by the late census:—

That special legislative committee, on the redistricting of the state for councilor and senatorial constituencies, will not find its path of duty strewn with roses. Indeed it looks as if the work with which this committee will be charged, will form the principal subject for debate during the present session. But little opposition will be made to a rearrangement of the councilor districts. The executive council, being an advisory body, does not attract the attention that will be given the formation of the senatorial districts. In this portion of its work the committee will find many volunteer assistants; and the necessity of 'party advantage' will be urged by partisans of both wings of political opinion as a reason why certain districts should be constructed according to certain lines. So far as heard from these numerous local schemes have not yet been unearthed. The Berkshire district, represented by Senator Joyner, is said to be suffering for the want of some Republican consideration; and Senator Joyner, with a popular vote of the district far below the standard, has been having a very comfortable official existence. Medford, it is said, in addition to an ambition on the part of a certain portion of its people to become a separate town, is also striving to locate itself in the senatorial district which includes Wakefield and Woburn and Stoneham, and other towns in that vicinity, and separate itself from its present over-shadowing neighbors of Somerville and Malden. These are only two of the projects that will be urged upon the committee; and they represent only two of the districts. It is safe to say that there are thirty-eight other propositions which are of interest to thirty-eight other districts."

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air and not too warm a room, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard and nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

The Wilmot Clothing Co., in Boston, so long known for their famous bargains in clothing, underwear, etc., have lately added a Furniture Department to their establishment where they propose to give their customers the benefit of Rock Bottom prices in Furniture. Be sure to call on them before purchasing.

The public schools of Boston were closed on Thursday in honor of the memory of John D. Philbrick, long ago superintendent of the schools of that city and for many years the most prominent figure among the educators of the State. He had reached a ripe old age, and died full of honors.

The sincerest condolence must be expressed to Secretary Bayard in his latest affliction. True sympathy is aroused by the thought of the loss which now falls with double force upon the household of the Secretary of State. Not only is it a sad blow to lose a wife who has proved a most affectionate helpmate to a husband loving greatly his domestic associations, but the fact that the sudden death of her daughter has hastened an event which but recently seemed long retarded by the recovering strength of the invalid lady, adds poignancy to the blow. Mr. Bayard will not be alone in his mourning.—Boston Journal.

A special service will be held at the Young Men's Christian Union on Sunday evening, in memory of the late Henry P. Kidder, chairman of the board of trustees of the permanent fund, and for many years one of the most devoted and interested friends. Rev. Edward E. Hale, his pastor for many years, a life member of the Union; Mr. Samuel Wells of the board of trustees; Mr. H. H. Sprague, vice-president of the Union; W. H. Baldwin, president, and others will take part. Special music and other exercises, Past officers, life and annual members, and other friends of Mr. Kidder and of the Union are invited.

Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., son of the popular President of the Boston Y. M. C. Union, has accepted an appointment in the office of the Union Pacific Railroad at Omaha, and has left to enter upon his duties. He was graduated at Harvard College last year and had entered the Law School, but will hereafter devote himself to railroading.

On Monday last, the U. S. House of Representatives, by a vote of almost four to one, passed the bill to increase the pension to the widows of soldiers from \$8 to \$12 per month. No one ventures to state what the increase of annual expenditure will be if this bill shall become a law. One of the ordinary estimates is \$5,000,000 annually.

The growth of the Lynn City Item still continues, the figures for last week being 507490. To meet the requirements of their business Messrs. Hastings & Sons have ordered a new Hoe press, with folder attachment. It will be ready in about three months.

The Grand Army of the Republic in Lowell, is putting itself in honorable contrast with not a few divisions of that philanthropic body elsewhere, by discarding the lottery feature, which has been far too common in the fairs held in behalf of these organizations.

It is highly gratifying to have an old newspaper man say to us, "Mr. Editor, you make a good paper." We certainly mean to beseve well of our readers.

Marriages.

In Arlington, Jan. 15, by Rev. C. H. Johnson, of Boston, Frederick Soderberg and Bessie Borgeson, both of Arlington.

In Arlington Jan. 21, by Rev. T. H. Shahan, James Munroe and Ellen Hackett, both of Arlington.

Deaths.

In Lexington, Feb. 4th, Eliza, widow of A. G. Stinson, aged 73 years, funeral services from residence of H. E. Richardson, on Monday, Feb. 8th, at 11 o'clock.

Special Notices.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE

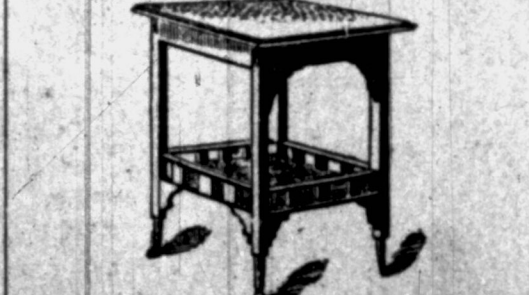
Voters of the Town of Arlington.

The Registrars of Voters for the Town of Arlington will be in session at the Selectmen's room at the Town House, for the purpose of Registering Voters, as follows:—
Saturday, Feb. 20, 1886, from 7.30 to 10 p. m.
Wednesday, Feb. 24, 1886,
Registration will cease Feb. 24, at 10 o'clock.
B. DELMONT LOCKE,
Clerk of Board of Registrars of Voters of Town of Arlington.

Ernst Herde, Upholsterer & Decorator, ARRLINGTON AVENUE.

Shop over Higgins' Grocery, next to Hotel.
Upholstering, Decorating, Paper Hanging, etc. Scotch Holland Shades, in all styles and colors, to order. Draperies and Decorations made and hung. Carpets made and laid. Mattresses and all kinds of Bedding made new and made over. Furniture Upholstered and repaired and picture frames made to order. 50c—10c

BEFORE PURCHASING YOUR



FURNITURE

Look over our Stock, we can SAVE YOU 25 PER CENT.
TERMS CASH OR INSTALLMENT.
WILMOT CLOTHING CO.
FURNITURE DEPARTMENT
44 N. WILLIAMS COURT, ENTRANCE
259 to 263 Washington St., Boston

WANTED!

AGENTS, in Arlington and Lexington, for our improved HAND FIRE EXTINGUISHER. It is the most practical and cheapest in the market, simple and effective, always ready for instant use.
It is a first class article and we want First Class agents, to whom we offer reasonable inducements. Call or address,
CHEMICAL HAND FIRE PUMP CO.
22 Jan 3rd 15 Oliver Street, Boston.

Dr. J. I. PEATFIELD, DENTIST.

Rooms 4 & 5 Savings Bank Building, Arlington.
Special Attention Given to Filling.

CHARLES GOTT, Carriage Manufacturer

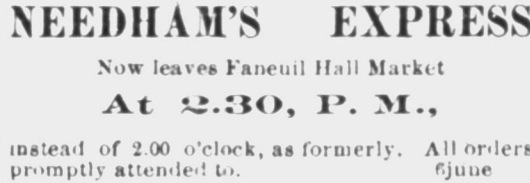
—AND—
BLACKSMITH,
Arlington ave. opp. Arlington Hotel, Arlington
Particular attention paid to
HORSESHOEING.

Has already finished and in course of building,
HEAVY MARKET & MANURE WAGONS,
SLEIGHS, PUNGS, Etc.

New Leaving Time. NEEDHAM'S EXPRESS

Now leaves Faneuil Hall Market
At 2.30, P. M.,
instead of 2.00 o'clock, as formerly. All orders promptly attended to.

J. Henry Hartwell, ARRLINGTON, MASS.,



FUNERAL DIRECTOR

—AND—
Furnishing Undertaker.

Will attend to the care and preparation of bodies. Constantly on hand an assortment of COFFINS, CASKETS and ROBES.
Carriages, Patent Folding Chairs and Flowers furnished where desired. Warehouses located at
ARLINGTON AVENUE AND BROADWAY.
Residence on Mytic street. 26 Sep—11

Menotomy Hall, Arlington TO LET.

Parties desiring the use of Menotomy Hall for Parties, Lectures, Concerts, or other purposes, can be accommodated on application to
THOMAS RODEN,
4 Nov 3m No. 6 Beacon Street.

David Clark, MILL STREET, ARRLINGTON.



Hacks, Barges, and Teams, Furnished to Order.

Special attention to Weddings, Funerals, Etc.
Telephone No. 6811.

By HICHBORN & CO., Auctioneers,
63 Court St., Boston. Established, 1-38.

Assignee's Sale, IN ARRLINGTON.

Will be sold at public auction, on the premises on Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass., on TUESDAY, Feb. 24, 1886, at 2.30 o'clock, P. M., all the right, title and interest which William H. Kimball, insolvent debtor, had on the 27th day of June, 1885, in and to the following real estate, consisting of a Large Modern Dwelling House, Barn, and about one acre of Land, located on said Avenue, within seven minutes' walk of Post Office, railroad station, churches and school; with five minutes' walk of horse cars; good neighborhood, high and healthy location; very desirable suburban residence for Boston business man. Twenty-four trunks on the Boston & Lowell R. R., each way. Sale positive to the highest bidder. \$200 cash at sale; balance within ten days. Cars leave Boston & Lowell R. R. at 1.30 o'clock, P. M.
Full particulars of the assignee or auctioneers.
JOHN P. WYMAN, Jr.,
Assignee of estate of William H. Kimball, 30 Court Street, Boston, Room 3. Jan 23 30

TO LET!

The pleasant, sunny house formerly occupied by the late Dr. Currier, on Muzzey street, Lexington, having nine rooms and an excellent cellar. Has a supply of water from Water Co.'s pipes and large cisterns. House in good order. For particulars, apply to Leonard A. Saville or John D. Bacon, Lexington.

By S. E. KNIGHTS & CO.
Offices 226 Washington street, Boston, and 503 1-2 Main St., Cambridgeport.

Mortgagee's Sale

OF
Real Estate.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, bearing date the 1st of March, 1884, and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1884, fol. 371, for breach of condition and for the purpose of redeeming the same, will be sold by public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on **Monday, February 15, 1886,** at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz: A certain piece or parcel of land, situated in Lexington, in said County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Beginning on Hancock Avenue at the northwesterly corner of the premises; thence running southeasterly on said Hancock Avenue thirty five feet to land now or formerly of John L. Norris; thence turning and running southeasterly along said land now or formerly of said John L. Norris, to the line of land conveyed to the grantor by said John L. Norris by deed dated Sept. 28, 1873; thence running northeasterly along the last mentioned line and then easterly and northeasterly to the point of beginning, be the said measurements more or less being the same premises conveyed to the said Arthur L. Scott by the said John L. Norris by deed dated April 15, 1874, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1876, fol. 122. Terms at time and place of sale.
FRANCIS E. BALLARD,
Mortgagee.
Lexington, January 19, 1886. 25 Jan 4

ESTABLISHED 1821.

WM. L. CLARK & CO.,

Carriage Painters.

Trimmers and Harness Makers,

Dealers in Blankets, Halters, Surcingles, Whips, Combs, Brushes, Horse Boots, &c.

Cor. Arlington Ave. and Avon Street,
W. L. CLARK, ARRLINGTON, MASS. W. A. CLARK.

Personal attention given to touching up, varnishing and trimming carriages, etc. 5 June 1

Misses E. & M. A. BALL, DRESS AND CLOAK MAKERS,

Tower House, cor. Boyd & Jewett St., NEWTON, - - - MASS.

The latest styles and patterns always on hand to show customers. Personal attention to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed. Special attention to cutting and fitting stylish garments. 30 Mar 11

W. H. H. TUTTLE, Attorney and Counsellor-at-law

OFFICE:
47 Devonshire St., BOSTON.

Arlington Office No. 2 Swan's Block. Arlington hours, 7 p. m. by appointment before 9 a. m.

W. W. TUFTS, M. D., Court Street,

1 FOURTH DOOR FROM ARRLINGTON AVE. 17 July 3m

ABEL LAWRENCE, HARNESS MAKER,

ARRLINGTON, MASS.
Next door to Chas. Gott, and opposite Arlington House. Trunks and valises repaired. New work of every description in the best possible manner. Repairing in all its branches attended to.

GEO. Y. WELLINGTON, General Fire Insurance Ag't

Savings Bank Building, ARRLINGTON, - - - MASS.

Office hours, Saturdays from 7 to 9 p. m.

WINN'S ARRLINGTON & BOSTON EXPRESS.

OFFICES: } 33 COURT SQUARE, - BOSTON.
} POST OFFICE, ARRLINGTON.

Leave Arlington at 9 A. M.; Boston at 2 P. M.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND, For £1 and upward.

ISSUED AT ARRLINGTON FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.

By ABEL R. PROCTOR, Treasurer. 15 May 6m

Boston Directory.

Embracing a list of the places of business of some of the residents of Arlington and Lexington which will prove a convenience to every one.

PARKER & WOOD, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

49 North Market Street, Boston.

BOYLSTON M. Insurance Co., 30 Killy Street, Boston.

J. W. BALCH, Pres. W. GLOVER, Sec.

FAY, WILSON W. & CO., COMMISSION STOCK BROKERS,

7 State Street, Boston.

KERN & FITCH, CONVEYANCERS,

23 Court Street, Room 31 to 34, Boston.

KENISON, DR. P. CHIROPDIST,

18 Temple Place, Boston

LUMBER, W. M. H. WOOD & CO.,

Broadway and Third Street, Cambridgeport.

WASHINGTON F. & M. INS. CO.,

Isaac Sweetser, Pres. A. W. Lamson, Sec. 38 State Street, Boston.

WOOD BROTHERS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

12 Sudbury Street, corner Friend, Boston.

HARDY BROTHERS & RODMAN, TAILORS,

No. 348 Washington Street, Boston.

GEORGE A. HARDY, Tailor; MILAN R. HARDY, Arlington; GEORGE E. RODMAN, Boston.

DEVEREAUX & LINDSAY, TAILORS,

Chambers 367 Washington St., Boston.

DYER, J. T. & CO., MEN'S FURNISHINGS,

Bowdoin Square. 19 Green St., Boston.

JACKSON & CO., HATTES AND FURRIERS,

39 Tremont street, Boston.

LAMKIN G. & CO., FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,

28 Tremont Row, Boston.

GOODNOW, W. H., HATTER,

10 Hanover Street, Boston.

HOMER, H. H. & CO., CROCKERY AND GLASS,

35 Franklin Street, Boston

CROSBY, FRANKLIN, CARPETS, OIL CLOTH ETC.

344 Washington Street, Boston.

MERRILL, J. S. & SON, PAPER HANGINGS and Window Shades,

25 and 27 Washington Street, Boston.

CHIPMAN'S SONS & CO., CARPETERS,

38 Court, corner Hanover street, Boston.

BURT & HARRIS, BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS,

24 Quincy Market, Boston.

FLOUR, LANE & CO.,

Agents for Celebrated 1001 Brand, 300 State Street, Boston.

FESSENDEN, C. B. & CO., FINE GROCERIES, ETC.,

177 Court Street, Boston.

SQUIRE, JOHN P. & CO., PORK, LARD, BACON, ETC.,

25 and 27 F. H. Market. 39 and 40 S. Market St.

RICHARDSON, GEO. E. & CO., FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,

No. 1 Faneuil Hall Sq., Boston.

SWAN & VALPEY, POULTRY AND WILD GAME,

No. 1 New Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

SWAN & NEWTON, POULTRY AND WILD GAME,

15 and 17 Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

WEST MEDFORD NEWS.

An informal meeting was held in the vestry of the Congregational church, on the evening of Jan. 27th, when preliminaries were discussed for celebrating the recent and last payment on the church debt, which is indeed an occasion when all should rejoice and be glad. Mr. W. C. Craig is chairman of the committee, but nothing definite was determined on this occasion except that the people of the village be generally invited to a public meeting to be held in the church, with brief addresses by the Revs. M. M. Cutter, of Malden, E. G. Porter, of Lexington, Dr. March, of Woburn, T. P. Sawin, of Medford. The music is to be by the Elmwood Club. A meeting of the committee was held on Wednesday evening of this week, and more definite arrangements made for the event.

The tenements in the upper part of Kakas' Block have found occupants.

The lecture announced for Monday evening, Jan. 25, by Rev. Dr. Hamlin, of Lexington, and postponed on account of the severe storm, will be given at the Congregational church Monday evening, Feb. 8th. It is hoped that the weather will prove favorable.

The celebration of the liquidation of the debt on the Harvard street Congregational church will occur Feb. 11.

The eighth anniversary of Mystic Lodge, K. of H., will occur on the evening of the 10th.

Owing to the pressure of business before the Committee on Towns, the hearing on the division of Medford, is postponed till Thursday Feb. 11.

Look out for the change in time table Monday.

The Ladies Sewing Circle, connected with the Harvard street Congregational church, held their monthly meeting on the afternoon of Wednesday with a social in the evening, to which the gentlemen were invited. A bountiful supper was served at seven o'clock, which was a feature appreciated by all. The evening was passed pleasantly in a social manner, and the time passed most agreeably in listening to the rendering of a short musical programme.

The Auxiliary Woman's Board of Missions will hold their monthly meeting on Thursday of next week. This is an organization of ladies of the Congregational church, interested in missionary work.

All are cordially invited to attend the young people's meeting on Sunday evenings at the Congregational church. Service at six o'clock.

The improvements in Duncklee's stable are rapidly approaching completion.

In a general way it is certainly a fact that there is very little interest felt in Medford in regard to the separation question.

A jolly party of ladies and gentlemen of this village were taken on a sleigh ride in Mr. Duncklee's boat sleigh, on Tuesday evening. A supper and social time was enjoyed at the Russell House, Lexington. The same evening Mr. Holton took a party to this same house in his barge. The Russell House is a most popular resort for sleigh ride parties, who find its attractive interior and fine suppers to be about "the thing."

The social dancing party which was to have taken place a week ago and was postponed on account of the storm, took place Thursday evening.

The vestry of the First Parish (Unitarian) church was the scene of a most enjoyable occasion on Thursday evening of last week, when a large number sat down to one of those parish suppers which are given at this church occasionally, greatly to the enjoyment of all participating. A fine supper, which consisted of an array of tempting viands, was served at seven o'clock, and the large company did not fail to do full justice to the pleasures of the table. The evening was spent more particularly in a social manner, but some well rendered music gave variety and interest to the occasion.

The members of the dancing class had a pleasant social after the regular lesson, on Wednesday evening. Refreshments were served at intermission.

The Unity Club, of the First Parish church, will hold their monthly meeting on Tuesday evening of next week. The programme prepared for this occasion promises to be a most enjoyable one.

Mr. H. S. Judkins, agent for the Dobson Carpet Co., of Boston, has taken up his residence in this village with Mr. Chapin, on Brooks street. Mr. Judkins was formerly a resident of this town and many old friends will be glad to see him back again.

Any items of local interest may be left with Mr. Wilber, at the periodical store, and he will see that they reach their destination.

Mr. Harry Marie died suddenly of Bright's disease, at the residence of his father on Allston street, on Tuesday, Feb. 2. He has been out of health for some months and unable to attend to his business, but his face has been a familiar one about our streets and it was a surprise to many to learn of his death.

A span of horses attached to the forward runners of a pump, came dashing through the street last Tuesday but were secured before doing any damage, near the centre, and taken to Mr. Holton's stable to await the demand of an owner. The proprietor of the team proved to be a woman and the horses were frightened

by a passing train at Arlington. Out of a load of one hundred cans only seven were recovered.

MEDFORD, Jan. 30th, 1886.

MR. EDITOR:—It is to be hoped that no one of the present board of Selectmen in this town will be re-elected, with the possible exception of Mr. Bragdon. He alone showed some decent respect for public opinion in the matter of the re-commitment of the town's insane to the State asylums.

CRADOCK.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

STATE HOUSE,
Boston, Feb. 2, 1886.

The Committee on Towns have postponed the hearing on the petition of Henry H. H. and others, of Medford, for the division of the town and an incorporation of a new town, to Thursday, Feb. 11th, instant, at 10 a. m.

H. W. PHILLIPS, Chairman,
CHARLES F. JENNEY, Clerk of the Committee.

MEDFORD CENTRE ITEMS.

An ornamental front is to be placed on the depot.

A petition is in circulation to have the car bell rung as formerly.

There was an obstacle race at the skating rink Thursday.

An article will be put in the warrant for the March meeting requesting the laying out of Valley street from Salem to Park street. As candidates for Selectmen, John W. Bragdon, N. P. Halliwell and John E. Woods are mentioned from West Medford; Ira W. Hamlin and Morris W. Child from Glenwood; John Maxwell and Caleb Atherton from South Medford; John H. Hooper, H. E. Willis, H. D. Hadley, Dr. Darius Wilson, T. P. Dresser and several others from the centre of the town.

The Scully mansion on Main street is being thoroughly renovated by Richard Gibson's men. A Boston gentleman is to occupy the house.

Pyam Cushing, the well-known coal man, an old resident of the town, lies dangerously ill.

The Unitarian church was crowded Sunday evening at the circuit meeting. Ministers were present from Reading, Malden, Chelsea and Melrose. "A Living Church" was the subject.

John D. Dwyer, the well-known plumber, contemplates opening a branch store in Malden.

A Sailor's Story.

I've been 14 years a sailor and I've found that in all parts of the world I could get along as well without alcoholic liquors as with them, and better too.

Some years ago, when we lay in Jamaica, several of us were sick with the fever, and among the rest the second mate. The doctor had been giving him brandy to keep him up, but I thought it was a queer kind of "keeping up." Why, you see, it stands to reason that if you heap fuel on a fire it will burn the faster, and putting brandy to a fever is just the same kind of a thing. Well, the doctor gave him up and I was sent to watch with him. No medicine was left, for it was no use—nothing would help him; and I had my directions what to do with the body when he was dead. Towards midnight he asked for some water. I got him the coolest I could find, and all he wanted; and if you'll believe me in less than three hours he drank three gallons.

The sweat rolled off him like rain. Then he sank off, and I thought sure he was gone; but he was sleeping and as sweetly as a child. In the morning when the doctor came, he asked what time the mate died.

"Won't you go in and look at him?" I said.

He went in and took this mate's hand. "Why" said he, "the man is not dead. He's alive and doing well. What have you been giving him?"

"Water, simply water, and all he wanted of it," said I.

I don't know as the doctor learned anything from that, but I did; and now no doctor puts alcohol down me or any of my folks for a fever, I can tell you. I am a plain, unlettered man, but I know too much to let any doctor burn me up with alcohol.—Little Star.

WELCOME SOAP

TRADE MARK.

SOAPS

PAYS NO FANCY PROFIT

But is an original compound, made from the **PUREST STOCK**, and is sold by the makers and dealers nearer the cost of production than any other Laundry Soap in the market. See that you get this Soap, and not accept any of the numerous imitations that pay the grocer more money to recommend. The word **WELCOME** and the Clasped Hands are on every bar.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

For \$2.00 we will send VILLAGE GAZETTE and The Yankee Blade, each for one year, to any address in the United States or Canada, free of postage. The regular subscription price of The Blade alone is \$2.00 a year. This offer is made to all of our present subscribers to induce them to renew, and to those who may become so.

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125 BARRELS
—OF THE—
Best Haxall Flour!

Which I am selling at a
VERY LOW PRICE!
—The BEST FLOUR in town.

BUTTER!
Choice Vermont Creamery Butter!
TUB & LUMP, RECEIVED WEEKLY.

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A full line of Choice Family Groceries, Provisions and all kinds of Vegetables.

Goods delivered in all parts of the town.

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Wood by the Cord,

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Hacks in any number furnished at short notice.

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A GIFT Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immediate pay sure for those who start at once.

4dec6m STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

On and after Dec. 14, '85.

TRAINS LEAVE WEST MEDFORD FOR

Boston at 6.09, 6.25, 6.45, 6.56, 7.14, 7.36, 8.04, 8.35, 8.53, 9.14, 9.36, 10.36, 11.36, a. m. 12.11, 12.53, 1.17, 1.26, 2.21, 2.50, 3.03, 3.36, 4.21, 5.36, 6.51, 10.49, p. m.

Sunday, 9.21, 9.47, a. m. 12.14, 2.14, 2.51, 4.51, 5.17, 6.14, 6.51, p. m.

Boston for West Medford, 7.00, 7.45, 8.10, 9.10, 9.20, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30, a. m. 12.10, 1.15, 1.40, 2.00, 2.30, 3.10, 3.55, 4.10, 4.45, 5.10, 5.40, 5.50, 6.15, 6.40, 7.15, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.15, p. m.

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LITTLE ONES;
MR. TUPPER ALWAYS HAS A CORDIAL WELCOME
FOR THEM; AND A VISIT TO THE
STUDIO WILL PAY YOU.

N. B. No Stairs to Climb.



This small copy of the famous picture of the poet Longfellow in his library, will give our readers some idea of the real excellence of this special premium we offer for subscribers, according to the terms printed below. We are ready to fill all orders promptly.

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AMERICA'S IMMORTAL POET.

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We take this opportunity to call especial attention to our brand of

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F. B. SEVERANCE.

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days
lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the
sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever your past held of sorrow or
wrong;
We waste half our strength in a useless re-
gretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.
Have you missed in your aim? well, the mark
is still shining;
Did you faint in the race? well, take breath
for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? but see yon-
der their lining.
Were you tempted and fell? let it serve for
a text.
As each year hurries by let it join that proces-
sion
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the
past,
While you take your place in the line of pro-
gression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face
to the blast.
I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve.
He will but stand firm on the grave of his
errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding.
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled
For look! how the light of the new year is
gilding
The worn wan face of the bruised old
world!

JAKE, THE COWBOY.

BY BELLE C. GREENE.

It was a cold, uncomfortable day. The wind blew in gusts down the chimney of our little school-house, putting out the fire and making the question of keeping warm a hopeless one.

The half-naked children huddled about the stove and patiently con ned their lessons. Poor things, they were so used to cold and suffering, that even the dreary school-house was comfort compared to their miserable homes!

I missed my big boy, Jake. If he were only here, I could send him to the woods for fuel. He was always our dependence in a cold or rainy day. He had wonderful luck with the rickety old stove, and could make the fire burn when nobody else could.

Jake was my favorite scholar. He was only a rough cowboy, and had borne a terrible reputation, but he always behaved himself in school, and was so kind and helpful, that I had come to rely upon him as my right hand man.

On the day I opened my school he came to me, and, tucking an enormous wad of tobacco away in his cheek, said awkwardly, "I wan'ter jine your school. I ain't nothin' but a cowboy, but I've s'ked a notion lately ter learn to read. I reckon I should like to know how to read," he added, with a wistful glance into my face.

His evident earnestness and his simplicity touched me, and I answered cordially, "I shall be glad to have you come, and I have no doubt you will learn to read very fast. I will do all I can for you, and my best help me. We will help each other."

He seemed embarrassed; dropped his eyes, shifted his quid, then spat dextrously into a corner of the room, and wiped his lips on the back of one great hand.

"I reckon you hain't never hearn o' me," he said, finally, with an uneasy laugh. "I ain't generally 'counted much good round here."

"But I wouldn't wonder," he continued, looking me over with the air of a consolour about to bargain for a pup or a horse. "I wouldn't wonder now, if you'n tuk to one another, teacher."

"I think we shall," I said, good naturedly, "and you look as if you might be a friend worth having, if you chose."

He was a noble, great fellow, fully six feet tall, with limbs like the trunks of trees, and the head and shoulders of a young Hercules.

At my remark he blushed a tawny red, up to the roots of his hair, and made a sudden movement as if to offer me his hand; then drew back and choked, struggling to speak.

"I can be, and I will be!" he muttered at last, hoarsely, and strode away to a seat closely followed by his dog—a savage, ugly-looking cur, which seemed inseparable from his master, and came to school as regularly from that day.

The dog's name was Fige, and I noticed that Jake was always considerate of him, sharing his own dinner with him when he was so fortunate as to have any; and once, when the poor brute came in wet and shaking with the cold, he gave up his own warm place by the fire, muttering by way of apology, as his eyes met mine, that "the little cuss was gittin' old." There seemed to be an almost human sympathy between them.

One afternoon Jake came in covered with blood. He had evidently been fighting, and what was more remarkable, had got worsted; but he went composedly to his seat as if nothing had happened. Indeed, quarrels were so common among the scholars, that if they did not bring them into school, I look but little notice of them. So on this occasion I said nothing, but I saw Fige crawl to his master's feet and look up into his face with a questioning whine. He had been dozing comfortably by the fire all the noontime, and so had not shared his master's trouble, whatever it was.

Receiving no attention, he finally squatted down in front of him and patiently watched his angry, downcast face; nor did he have to watch long.

Jake suddenly lifted his eyes and flashed a lightning glance at a boy who sat opposite him on the other side of the room. Then, clearing the distance with one bound, the dog was at the offender's throat! And I knew it was with him—Tom Carnes—that Jake had quarrelled.

"Call off the brute!" gasped the fellow with a terrible oath.

Jake spoke to the dog, who reluctantly dropped his hold, and rising to his feet, stretched out one brawny arm toward his master. "I call him off," he said, "because

'You'n me will settle our own little dif-
 kility. It lays 'twixt you'n me—not
 you'n the dog—and I'll have it out with
 ye, and soon, too!' with a threatening
 shake of his fist.
 I heard no more of the matter; but a
 few days afterward Jake was absent from
 school, for the first time, and I missed
 him, as I said in the beginning of this
 sketch. I made inquiries of the scholars,
 but no one knew anything about him.
 Tim Carnes was also absent, but I thought
 nothing of that, as he was always irregu-
 lar in his attendance.
 My oldest scholar among the girls—
 Jinny by name—she was the brightest
 and most advanced pupil I had.
 The other girls both hated and ad-
 mired her, seeming to regard her superi-
 ority as a reproach and insult to them-
 selves.
 Judging from her appearance Jinny
 must have been at that time eighteen or
 twenty years of age; but she did not
 know how old she was, nor did she
 care.
 "What's the odds?" she said, with a
 shrug of indifference, when I questioned
 her in regard to the matter.
 She had the pale, sallow complexion
 common to her class, and her speech
 and manners were uncouth enough,
 but there was a charm about her,
 after all. There was a wild grace and
 freedom in her movements, a magnetism
 in her dark eyes when she turned them
 full upon you, a consciousness of power
 in her saucy, defiant ways, that fascinat-
 ed all who came in contact with her.
 I myself was strongly attracted to her;
 what wonder then that Jake and Tim
 Carnes became her abject slaves.
 I had often amused myself watching
 the three, feeling about the same kind
 of interest—half amusement, half fear
 —in their fierce, rude love-making, their
 jealousies and quarrels, that I would in
 the gambols of a trip of wild animals.
 The days passed on, but my two big
 boys came to school no more. At last
 I began to wonder, if Jinny had any-
 thing to do with their absence. Evidently
 there was something wrong with the
 girl; she seemed sullen and depressed,
 and sat in her seat frowning, silent;
 and when I questioned her she shut her
 teeth fiercely together, and answered not
 a word.
 But soon there came a change; one
 afternoon I noticed that she was terribly
 restless and excited, and her great eyes
 no longer defiant, sought mine continually,
 with an expression of mute ap-
 peal, such as we see in the eyes of a
 dumb animal when in pain.
 My heart ached for her, but I had
 been so often repulsed, that I thought
 best to wait for her to speak. When
 the scholars were dismissed she lingered
 behind, and as the door closed on
 the last one she sprang forward, and
 throwing herself at my feet, with tears
 and groans and incoherent cries, made
 known the cause of her wretchedness.
 "I've killed Jake, marm! I've killed
 Jake!" she moaned, rocking herself
 wildly to and fro.
 "How—how is that?" I asked, re-
 coiling from her instinctively.
 "Why, 'twas me Jake and Tim fit
 over, that day they came in kivered with
 blood! I set 'em at it, and laughed ter
 see it go on. Then a few days ago
 they begun again—and I might a'
 stopped 'em with a word, and I didn't
 no! Somehow I couldn't. But I wish I
 could! Oh, how I wish I had! If
 it was only Tim a dyin' now,
 instead o' Jake, I wouldn't care!" she
 muttered fiercely. "I allers hated Tim
 —allers!"
 "But, Jinny," said I, wishing to divert
 her, "are you quite sure Jake will die?"
 "Oh, yes marm, they say so; and I fear
 it here," laying her hand on her heart.
 I made inquiries as to the nature of Jake's
 injury, but could gather nothing definite,
 except that it was a wound from a pistol
 shot, and that for some unaccountable
 reason he had made scarcely any show of
 defending himself according to those
 who witnessed the encounter, "he seemed
 all at once spilin' to get killed."
 "Perhaps you would like to go to
 him!" I suggested.
 "Oh, I would, I would," she exclaimed
 eagerly. "I hain't seen him yet. I hung
 round the place all last night, fearin' to
 go inside. Yes, I will go!" she cried,
 with sudden vehemence, her pale cheek
 flushing. "And I'll die with him, too! One
 grave shall kiver us—me and Jake!"
 An idea occurred to me. "I have had
 some experience with such wounds," I
 said. "I might do something for him.
 Shall I go with you?"
 "Oh, yes, yes. Come!" She hurried
 me out and led the way along a cross
 road through the woods.
 Never a good walker, I soon began to
 feel weariness, and Jinny noticed that I
 lagged behind.
 "Mebby you're a tired, marm," she
 remarked. "I don't mind miles o'
 trampin' myself. I'm used to it. Lem
 me kerry ye, mum." And before I could
 remonstrate she picked me up and should-
 ered me as if I had been a sack of corn.
 "Pears like I'll do me good," she mut-
 tered as she strode along seemingly little
 encumbered by her burden.
 At last we reached the miserable hut
 that Jake called his home. We pushed
 open the door and looked in. A very old
 woman crouched by a smoky fire, and on
 a rude bed in a corner of the room lay
 Jake, his immense proportions sharply
 outlined through the scanty covering.
 "Tige, the dog, crouched at his feet, and
 took no notice of our approach.
 A handsome rifle and a brace of pistols
 hung against the wall beside the bed; for
 the cowboy of the Southwest is seldom so
 poor that he does not own handsome fire-
 arms.
 As we entered, the old woman, who
 proved to be Jake's mother, got upon her
 feet with great difficulty, and came to-
 ward us. But Jinny laid her finger on
 her lips and glided swiftly past her to the
 bed.
 Clapping both hands tightly behind
 her, she leaned over Jake, softly calling
 his name.
 At the sound of her voice he opened
 his eyes and gazed wildly about, without
 seeming to see the face so near his own.
 He turned his head and caught sight of
 me, and knew me. Brushing his hand
 slowly across his eyes, he said:
 "I didn't know I'd fell asleep, marm,"
 evidently thinking he was in school.
 Jinny dropped on her knees beside him
 and clasped his hands to her bosom. "Oh,
 Jake, Jake!" she cried in agony, "don't
 yer know me! Don't yer know your poor
 Jinny?"

Then she bewildered eyes met hers. "Why, why, Jinny, gal, how's this, how's this?" he muttered; then seeing her tears, she smiled strangely. "Cryin'?" he said. "I'llers knowed you had a kind heart. I knowed it, Jinny; thar, soothingly. But that wasn't no sign that you liked me, was it? I see it all now. But somehow, that day when I found 'twas Tim, for sure," raising his voice and moving his head restlessly on the pillow, "why then I jest laid off and let him kill me, as it werc. What's life to me without Jinny? says I ter myself."

The girl seemed suddenly to have lost all power of speech. She was still kneeling beside him with her face buried in her hands, but no longer sobbing, and as motionless as if she heard him not.

He turned to me. "Can you tell me, marm," he said, with great earnestness, "if so be there's directions in the book—the Test'ment, you know, that you give me—for settlin' such difiklty as mine was? I looked, but I couldn't find no word—no orders."

"If I could only a' gone by the book," he repeated, wistfully, "but as it was, I had ter settle it in the old way—pist' and bowie knives. But what's the use o' talkin', it's all squar now." He sighed wearily, and closed his eyes, muttering again to himself, "all squar!"

I laid my hand on his head and tried to soothe him. I told him that Jinny and I had come to nurse him and make him well again, and that I hoped all would come right.

He put out his hand and touched Jinny's, but she made no movement. Jinny and me use ter talk sometimes, marm," said he slowly and painfully, "we use ter talk, that we might go together somewhar, fur from this place, and do better. Try ter live more like folks, and 'cordin' ter the book, yer know. Give up all this fightin' an' swairin,' an' these poor, miser'ble ways, and have a home together. But thar, what's the use o' talkin'; it's too late now—too late!"

A sharp, passionate cry burst from Jinny's lips, and broke the spell that was upon her. She sprang to her feet, and leaning over Jake once again, clasped both his hands tightly in hers, and fastened her great magnetic eyes upon his own bewildered ones.

"Jake! Jake!" she said, "I say 'tain't too late! We'll have a home together yet—you'n me! Do you hear?"

Yes: at last he understood. His face flushed, brightened. With a mighty effort he threw up both his arms as if to clasp her, and fell fainting on her breast.

Jinny uttered a stifled cry, and at that moment I saw a stream of blood trickling from his side, staining the garments of both as they lay clasped in each other's arms. The exertion had opened his wound afresh, and I feared for him exceedingly.

But to my surprise, I found on examination, that the wound was not mortal—not even a severe one; and his weakness and prostration were probably the results of excitement and loss of blood.

Thanks to my hospital experience I was able to dress the wound properly, and had the satisfaction of assuring his old mother and Jinny that with good nursing he would soon recover.

When he returned to consciousness Jinny was bending over him.

He spoke her name, but she, smiling, laid her finger on his lips and shook her head.

"You want ter get well, don't yer?" she said softly. "I come here ton-ight ter die with yer, but I reckon it's better for us both ter live."—*Boston Traveler.*

An Early Weather Prophet.

For more than thirty-five years preceding the establishment of the weather bureau by the government Isaac Yocum, of Paschalville, was the recognized weather prophet for the people of Delaware county. If the breast-bone of the goose, the hog's melt, the ground hog and other well-established weather signs correspond with Isaac Yocum's predictions, well and good; if not, they were at fault that year and everybody so understood it. Mr. Yocum was gathered to his fathers soon after the establishment of the weather bureau department, but were he living to-day he would say in his jocular way: "Every snow this winter will be a rain." Weather Solon Yocum was a butcher, and one of his theories respecting the weather was the set of the wind at the turn of the seasons. If, for instance, during the season of the fall equinox—say from September 15 to the 23d—the wind was generally in the east, shifting southward and finally clearing up by shifting around to southwest, then to northwest, Mr. Yocum would make a contract at a very low figure to pasture cattle on the Hog Island pasture lands until about the 20th of December. He would take a run through Delaware county, purchase a large number of thin cattle at low prices and would invariably have three months of warm weather and the best of pasture for his cattle, which he would fatten and sell at high prices. During the winter solstice, along about the 20th of December of 1835, the wind hung around the southeast and finally veered to northward and back again by the southward, thus betokening, according to the Yocum theory, which invariably held good thirty years ago, a warm winter, with much more rain than snow, and, when three or four days of cold weather overtook us, to be followed suddenly by warm spells.—*Philadelphia Times.*

How a Famous Hymn was Written.

This is how the now famous hymn, "Sweet By and By," came to be written: Dr. Fillmore Bennett, the author, lives at Richmond, Illinois, and is poor. The hymn was written by Dr. Bennett at Elkhorn, Wisconsin, 1868. The writing of the words was based upon a remark made by J. P. Webster, who composed the music. Mr. Webster was of an exceedingly nervous and sensitive nature and subject to periods of terrible depression. In one of his melancholy moods he chanced to drop in at the house of Dr. Bennett, when the latter asked: "What is the matter now?" "Oh, it is no matter," replied the despondent man; "it will be all right by and by." The last three words immediately conveyed a suggestion to Dr. Bennett, and he says: "The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunlight." Turning to his desk he penned the words which have since been so famous. He says it did not take him more than twenty minutes to write the hymn.

A MOONSHINE STRONGHOLD

LIFE AMONG ILLICIT DISTILLERS OF NORTH ALABAMA.

A Visit to an Illicit Still—Rough Men and Their Weird Surroundings—A Mountain Waif.

One of the most interesting localities in North Alabama is the mountain regions of Marshall and DeKalb counties. It has become so on account of the character of the citizens. Of this section the most notorious and best known locality is the Sand Mountain in DeKalb county. The people in this section are far behind the happy elements of civilization which surround their neighbors. Here the women do most of the work, while the men make all the illicit whisky they can. A stranger is looked on as a natural enemy, and one is eyed with suspicion.

The visit to an illicit still was under an oath characteristic of the mountaineer, which was sacred and binding. It was about two miles in the mountains, away from any settlement. The distance was traveled on the back of a mountain cock. After following a narrow, beaten track through bushes, over rocks, down high sides, across ravines and through mountain passes, a point of a precipice was reached. My companions pointed to the depths below and told me to watch a certain spot. A blue curl of smoke arose, which was from the still we were going to visit. Then down the narrow mountain-side we rode, guided by the sensible animals. If a slip of his foot was made, eternity would have been our doom. Soon a point was reached about two hundred yards from the still. One of my companions took from his pocket a whistle, made of a piece of reed, and gave two shrill whistles, which were answered. The animals were tied, and one of the men said to the other: "Jiin, his peepers are too good; I guess we had better cover them." With these words the two men proceeded to bind a cloth over my eyes. After walking around and about a cave was entered.

When the doors were thrown back my eyes were freed, and a scene of interest was pictured. The room was a cavern dug out of a coal deposit, about twenty by sixteen feet, in which were arranged the worms and barrels with piles of corn and dried fruit. Hanging about on the walls were guns and pistols, near which was a slide made to open and close at a moment's notice. The interior was suggestive of the wild nature of the mountains. The men inside were dressed in clothing of coarse material made at home. In the corner of the room was a man busily engaged in pouring whisky in a funnel, which was conveyed off through a pipe made of mountain cane.

"Where does that go to?" was asked.

"You can't know all, stranger. What that runs to you nor no other man will know; but it is taken care of, you can bet on it."

Behind a tub of sour-mash was a little, ragged nine-year-old child, who had a stick stirring the contents. The little thing was covered with dirt and half-clad in course housemen.

"Chunk it up, Mag, and come here and see the stranger."

The child, half frightened and cowered, approached me, but her timidity overcame her, and she stopped.

"Come here, you little cat, and sing," as spoken by one of the men.

The child began to sing in a voice as plaintful as a dove, and before she had finished the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

What is the child's name?" was asked.

"We call her Mag for short. That child has a history as long as your arm, but she will never tell it. She knows she will get the strap."

Her dark blue, childish eyes looked up, moistened with tears, and pleaded to be spared the lash. Her story was a strange one, and was calculated to touch the chords of a hardened heart.

One cold morning six years before, a man was seen slowly riding along the mountain road with a little child in front on the saddle. The snow was falling and he tenderly clasped her wraps around her.

Up the mountain higher were two men who have been introduced, and they were gazing at the sight below.

"Take the glass and see if you are sure he is a spy."

Soon the sharp ping of a rifle was heard, and the traveler dropped lifeless from his saddle, and the child was taken to the cave of the moonshiners. The child has been there since.

The duty of the child is to mix sour-mash and keep her eyes closed. This she performs faithfully. The question was asked of these men:

"Are you not afraid of the revenue men, and will they not get you?"

"Stranger, we are not afraid of heaven or hell, much less of any thing on two legs. We are trying to make an honest living, and the man who tries to stop us dies—that's all. The law has got to take the same chance that we do."

These are some of the characteristics of the men the revenue authorities have had to contend with in Alabama.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Trial by Ordeal.

Even yet the world has not seen the last of trial by ordeal. It is still resorted to by the natives of the Garo hills, Assam. The water-boiling ordeal is in that region a popular mode of settling disputed claims. An earthen pot filled with water is placed on a tripod over some sticks, which are lighted. The defendant calls upon his gods to be present and do justice.—If the water does not boil within a certain time the defendant is victorious, and entitled to receive compensation as for a false accusation. In more serious cases the accused is tied to a tree in a dense jungle, and left for several days and nights on the chance of a tiger coming that way. If he escapes alive he is adjudged to be innocent.—*Antiquary*.

Watching the Snow Falling.

When seated alone at my window
Watching the snow come down
Throwing its fleecy mantle
Over the busy town;
Watching the snowflakes whirling
Round chimney pots and spires,
Circling, eddying, whirling,
With an eye that never tires,
And filled with poetic fancies
That the soulful scene inspires,
How it doth make my bosom
With eager feelings glow
To hear my wife shout "Hi!" come down
And shovel off the snow!"
—Boston Courier.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Silver jewelry continues to be largely patronized.

Ladies' hair is worn very high on the head in Paris.

Of the 5,900 school teachers in Nebraska, 4,000 are women.

It is at Los Angeles, Cal., that a woman gives up all her time to forty cats.

The dance most in favor in New York this winter is the Highland schottische.

Crescents, diamonds, rings, and tassels are among the newer designs in beaded tulle.

Bracelets and necklets are worn again, but they must be narrow and fit the throat.

The Burmese women have a hole in the lobe of each ear in which they carry their cigars.

Small glove colognes and scent bottles in both glass and silver continue to be popular.

Mrs. J. W. Bryan, Georgia's lady farmer, received \$200 in premiums at the State fair.

The spring plushes will be in striped blocks, bars and figures of plush on canvas grounds.

Miss Sue Cozard, of Wheeling, W. Va. is said to be the handsomest postal clerk in the service.

Mr. Potter, an English ship-builder, obtained a separation by reason of his wife's cruelty.

Dog collars, collarettes, fichus, plastrons and looped scarfs are features in dress at the moment.

Braided felt bonnets, to be worn with tailor-made costumes, have a line of gold cord, to brighten them.

Blouses with beaded yokes and sashes with head tassels are worn with different skirts for house dresses.

Old-fashioned high-post bedsteads, with white muslin curtains, are being revived in their former glory.

Egypt as well as Japan shows its influence in ornaments—cats and serpents being the latest caprices in jewelry.

The freshest variety of the floral fan has leaves on one side and flowers on the other, and is rather small and circular.

The favorite trimmings for felt hats and bonnets are hands and brims of astrakhan and shaving-brush of Russian pompons.

The new round brooches and flower pins, with a gem in the center, represent the most fashionable style of neck pin.

Fichus of crape cross over the bust, one end is cut off where the other crosses it, the latter extending to the waistline.

Queen Margaret, of Italy, has chosen for her private physician the first Italian woman who took up the study of medicine.

Out of 5,900 school teachers in Nebraska, 4,000 are women, and there are thirteen women on the roll of county superintendents.

The introducing of cat's-eye stones into new fringes and embroideries is wonderfully effective, especially when alternated with gilt sequins.

Plastron, collar and cuffs, en suite, of toulache are an effective adornment to plain bodies. They are to be found with or without beading.

The long fur boa, which years ago was fashionable, is revived. It is wound about the throat, tied, and then one end is thrown over the shoulder.

Mrs. Hendricks is living quietly in Indianapolis. She is putting her late husband's public papers into shape for use by a biographer as yet unselected.

Heavy fabrics of rich texture are the favorites for dinner dresses. These dresses have trains of a lighter color, box plaited under the bodice, or set in gathers on the outside of it.

Hats are worn with comfortably large crown coming well down the sides of the head, while the brims stand out at right angles over the forehead, but droop on the sides and in the back.

Mr. J. D. J. Harvey, proprietor of the Palace Market, Chicago, writes that he spent \$2,000 in trying to cure his wife of rheumatism, and that St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all else failed to bring about. He says it is a greater discovery than electricity.

A Denver man drives a team of elks capable of going one hundred miles a day.

When a man's notes are readily endorsed, his credit is good. When public men endorse Red Star Cough Cure as being safe, sure and free from poisons, you may be certain it is a great discovery. Price 25 cents.

The king's palace in Corea is now lighted with electricity of the Yankee brand.

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Evening funerals are fast coming into vogue in New York.

EXPRESSES HIS GRATITUDE.—Albert A. Larson, of Kirkman, Ia., writes to the proprietors of Allen's Lung Balm: "I firmly believe my wife would have died of consumption, if not for the timely use of your Balm." Price 25c., 50c. and \$1 per bottle, at Druggists.

The death rate in Dakota is only five in the 100.

What the World Do
Without woman? asks the essayist who starts out to say something new on this oft-treated subject. Of course, the human element of the world would have died out without woman, so the question is gratuitous. It would have been more sensible to ask: What would the world do without the salvation of woman, without a manna for her physical ills and cure for her peculiar diseases. In a word, what would the world do without Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," the great remedy for female weakness? It is indispensable for the ills of womankind.

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THE POISON EATING HABIT.

STARTLING DISCLOSURES AT A RECENT TRIAL FOR MURDER.

People who are accustomed to consume Arsenic—Their Purpose and the Fatal Result.

A very interesting trial for murder took place lately in Austria. The prisoner, Anna Roebel, was acquitted by the jury, who, in the various questions put to the witnesses, in order to discover whether the murdered man, Lieutenant Martz, was a poison eater or not, elicited some very curious evidence relating to this class of persons. As it is not generally known that eating poison is actually practiced in more countries than one, the following account of the custom, given by a noted Hungarian physician, will not be without interest. In some districts of Lower Austria and in Styria, especially in the mountainous parts bordering on Hungary, there prevails the strange habit of eating arsenic. The peasant, in particular, are given to it. They obtain it under the name of hedi from the traveling hucksters and gatherers of herbs, who, on their side, get it from the glass-blowers, or purchase it from the corn doctors, quacks or mountebanks. The poison eaters have a twofold aim in their dangerous employment, one of which is to obtain a fresh, healthy appearance, and acquire a certain degree of embonpoint. On this account, therefore, gay village lads and lasses employ the dangerous agent, that they may become more attractive to each other, and it is really astonishing with what favorable results their endeavors are attended; for it is just the youthful poison eaters that are, generally speaking, distinguished by a blooming complexion and an appearance of exuberant health.

Not many years ago, a farm servant, who worked in the cow house of a wealthy farmer, was thin and pale, but, nevertheless, well and healthy. This girl had a lover, whom she wished to enchain still more firmly, and, in order to obtain a more pleasing exterior, she had recourse to the well-known means, and swallowed, every week, several doses of arsenic. The desired result was obtained and, in a few months, she was much fuller in the figure, rosy cheeked, and, in short, quite according to her lover's taste. In order to increase the effect, she was so rash as to increase the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity. She was poisoned, and died an agonizing death.

The second object of the poison eaters have in view is to make them, as they express it, "better winded," that is to make their respiration easier when ascending the mountains. Whenever they have far to go, and to mount a considerable height, they take a minute morsel of arsenic and allow it gradually to dissolve. The effect is surprising, and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with distress to the chest. The dose of arsenic with which the poison eaters begin consists, according to the confession of some of them, of a piece the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity, which they take fasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time, and then gradually, and very carefully, they increase the dose according to the effect produced. "The peasant A—, living in the Parish R—, a strong, hale man of upward of sixty, takes at present at every dose a piece of about the weight of four grains. For more than forty years he has practiced this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn will bequeath to his children." It is well to observe that neither in these or in other poison eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible, that the symptoms of a chronic arsenical poisoning never show themselves in individuals who adapt the dose to their constitution, even although that dose should be considerable. It is not less worthy of remark, however, that when, either from inability to obtain the acid or from any other cause, the perilous indulgence is stopped, symptoms of illness are sure to appear, which have the closest resemblance to those produced by poisoning from arsenic. These symptoms consist principally in "a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety, and various distressing sensations, arising from the digestive organs, want of appetite, a constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning, an unusual degree of salivation, pains in the stomach, and especially, difficulty of breathing." For all these symptoms there is but one remedy—a return to the enjoyment of arsenic.

According to inquiries made on the subject, it would seem that the habit of eating poison among the inhabitants of lower Austria has not grown into a passion, as is the case with the opium eaters in the East, the chewers of the betel nut in India and Polynesia, and of the cocoa tree among the natives of Peru. When once commenced, however, it becomes a necessity. In some districts, it is a habit of quicksilver is used in the same way. In the mountainous parts of Peru a writer met very frequently with eaters of corrosive sublimate, and in Bolivia the practice is still more frequent, where this poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians. In Vienna the use of arsenic is of every day occurrence among horse dealers, and especially with the coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in a pulverized state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, sound, shining appearance of the carriage horses, and especially the much admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of the arsenic feeding. It is a common practice with the farm servants in the mountainous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavorable result, but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic, he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance. —Brooklyn Eagle.

M. Develle, the new French minister of agriculture, never saw a plow.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

At the beginning of the present century it was considered "fast" by respectable Londoners to have sofas in the parlor.

The Australians tie the hands of the corpse and "extract" the finger nails, that the dead may not scratch his way out of the grave.

According to an ancient idea pelicans were hatched dead, but the cock pelican brought them to life by wounding his breast and letting one drop of blood fall upon each.

It was once a popular opinion that death is delayed until the ebb of the tide. Hence, in cases of sickness, many pretended that they could foretell the hour of the soul's departure.

A physician who passed many years in South America says that he never saw a bald Indian and scarcely ever a gray-haired one. In one climate physicians have not discovered a general rule upon turning gray and becoming bald.

A Frenchman has found means to restore the lifelike expression to the eyes of dead persons. He places a few drops of glycerine and water in the corners of the eyes and the effect is said to be startling, so lifelike do the eyes become.

A calculation made by Mr. Corthell of the figures of the mile-long railroad train drawn by a single locomotive establishes that there were 3,253 tons weight on this train, which was drawn by a single 55-ton engine. This would be more than the weight of many steamships with their cargoes.

There are 30,000 stamp collectors in New York, and the number is constantly increasing. They call themselves philatelists, a word not found in any but the newest editions of the dictionaries. The most valuable stamp known is one that was issued by the postmaster of Brattleborough, Vermont, in 1847 and was only in circulation for a few months. It is now worth \$700.

The Germans, who have always been celebrated for heavy eating, furnish us with some curious culinary items. In the middle ages the goose was the grand dish among them, but they also ate crows, storks, cranes, herons, swans and bitterns—these last named dishes being arranged in a circle of honor around the goose. The geier or European vulture, the dogfish, the dolphin, and even the whale were eaten, while a roast guinea pig was considered a very great delicacy. All their foods were highly spiced, and sauces were endless in their variety, three or four kinds being served up with each dish. In these sauces, pepper, mace, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, garlic, saffron and pimento contended for the mastery, and the more decided the flavor the better the cook.

Spectacles for Horses.

A gentleman on North Broad street, who owns and drives a valuable roadster, was very much annoyed to discover that his animal was afflicted with an unusual eye malady. He had plenty of leisure, and he determined that he would, more for amusement than for practical use, investigate the subject and endeavor to find some way of making his horse see as well as any other. He very quickly found that a medical remedy was out of the question, so he obtained several lenses and had a halter-like arrangement made for the head, with a regular spectacle frame made for the eyes. He then went into a series of measurements such as oculists make to find the lens which would remedy the defect.

"When I found the right pair of lenses," he said to a *News-gatherer*, "I had the greatest trouble to keep the horse from smashing things. He saw too much. His sight was so much improved that he saw objects in the stable which he had never seen before, and when I first kept the spectacles on him regularly he used to spend most of his time kicking at blankets, stable coats and harness that were near him. Then he seemed to discover that the spectacles were responsible for the unusual sights. He used to break them off by rubbing his head against the manger or side of the stall. I then changed the frame for a lighter one, and fixed it on in such a manner that he hardly felt it, and he soon grew accustomed to the new order of things. Now he calls for his spectacles as regularly every morning as he does for his breakfast, and he will not allow anything to be done for him until his 'specs' are put on. He has grown rather proud of them, and I have had a pair of regular nose glasses made for him, with a light chain dangling over one ear, and when he has them on he acts like a regular dandy."

"No, I never put the glasses on him when I drive out," continued the gentleman in response to an inquiry; "I don't care about being laughed at by the people I meet on the road, and a horse wearing glasses would certainly cause ridicule. I think, though, that eventually horses wearing glasses will be as common a sight as spectacle men, for I am sure the first man who had the temerity to appear on the streets wearing a pair of glasses was as much laughed at as a horse would be now." —Philadelphia News.

Mammoth Culm Piles.

At the present time fifteen per cent. of the product of Pennsylvania mines goes to the culm pile. For the first forty years of the anthracite business the percentage of waste averaged more than double that, for crude and imperfect methods in and appliances in mining, breaking and screening were unable to save from the waste heaps coal that is now the most profitable of all the different kinds on the market. It is only about fifteen years ago that chestnut coal began to be saved from the culm, and it was estimated that not less than 7,000,000 tons of that size coal, worth about \$25,000,000, were buried in the accumulations of mine debris. Several years ago improved screening produced a size of coal which was given the name of pea coal. It readily became a successful rival of chestnut coal for stoves and grates. Then the mine engineers calculated that the culm piles had swallowed 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 tons of pea coal, worth \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000. —New York Herald.

A blackbird, nearly as large as a robin and of an unknown species, has made its home for some time past with a flock of sheep belonging to a farmer of Dalton, Oregon.

AMONG THE CLAY EATERS.

A DOCTOR'S EXPLANATION OF A PECULIAR HABIT.

Why the Poor People in a Section of North Carolina eat Clay—Arsenic in the Earth.

It has been a matter of speculation for years, says the *Philadelphia Times*, as to why the "poor whites" of central North Carolina ate the clay that is found in that part of the country. It remained for a Philadelphia physician to solve the mystery. A short time ago Dr. Frank H. Getchell, of Philadelphia, went on a gunning expedition to North Carolina. His quest for game led him into the wild country back of Salisbury, which is inhabited for the most part by a miserable race of beings with only just enough energy to eke out a wretched existence. These creatures are nearly all veritable living skeletons, and with few exceptions, are addicted to the habit of clay-eating.

While shooting wild turkey and other game in this wild region Dr. Getchell made an incidental study of this peculiar habit of vice among the inhabitants. It is a mountainous country, and in the spring little rivulets start out from the caps of snow on the mountains, and as the days grow warmer the little rivulets become torrents and great washouts are made along the mountain side.

The soil is of a heavy, clayey nature, but there are strata of clay that is heavier than the rest, and when the water rushes down this clay is formed into little pellets and rolls and accumulates in heaps in the valley. These little pellets and rolls are what the clay eaters devour with as much avidity as a toper swallows a glass of whiskey.

"Among the poor people of this section," said Dr. Getchell, "the habit of eating clay is almost universal. Even little toddlers are confirmed in the habit and the appetite seems to increase with time. While investigating the matter I entered a cabin occupied by one of these poor families, and saw a little chap tied by the ankle to the leg of a table, on which was placed a big dish of bread and meat and potatoes within easy reach. The child was kicking and crying, and I asked the mother why she had tied him up. She replied that she wanted him to eat some food before he went out to the clay, and he refused to do so. The woman confessed that she ate the clay herself, but explained that the child's health demanded that it eat some substantial food before eating any earth. Almost every one I met in this section was addicted to this habit. They were all very thin, but their flesh seemed to be puffed out. This was particularly noticeable about the eyes, which had a sort of reddish hue."

"All of the clay-eaters were excessively lazy and indolent, and all these conditions combined led me to the conclusion that there must be some sedative or stimulating qualities, or both, in the clay, and I determined to find out whether there was or not. I consequently brought a lot of clay home with me, and Professor Tierman and myself made an analysis of the stuff and discovered that, instead of clay-eaters, the inhabitants of North Carolina should more properly be called arsenic-eaters. All of this clay contains arsenic, but exactly in what proportion we have not yet discovered. Arsenic-eating is common in many parts of the world, and is practiced to a greater or less extent throughout the world. It acts as a sedative and also as a stimulant. The mountaineers of Styria, Austria, are habitual arsenic-eaters. They give as a reason for eating it that they are better able to climb the mountains after eating the poison, and their explanation is a perfectly reasonable one, as arsenic acts as a sedative to the heart's action. The habit is also prevalent in the Tyrol and in the Alps."

"It is also said that the peasant girls of Switzerland and Germany and in Scandinavia eat arsenic to give lustre to their eyes and color to their cheeks, but this is a matter I have not investigated. It has been shown that arsenic or arsenical fumes are a sure cure for intermittent fever. The inhabitants of a section of Cornwall, England, at one time all suffered with this type of fever, but when the copper-works were established there the fever disappeared. This was accounted for by the arsenical fumes created in the treatment of copper. As to whether arsenic-eating shortens life I am not yet prepared to say, but I intend investigating the matter thoroughly."

Watching the Pickpockets.

Police Inspector Byrnes, of New York, the "American Vindex," has been gossiping to a *World* reporter:

"Once in a while New York is unusually crowded, like on the day of General Grant's funeral. We worked a little plan on that occasion that succeeded beautifully. My men went all along the line of the New York Central and Hudson river railroad and picked up all the big and little pickpockets who had posted themselves at different stations to reap a harvest of watches and pocketbooks from the crowds who gathered to see the funeral train and follow it to New York. In this city, too, we arrested all the pickpockets, and the police justices kindly committed them as vagrants. The result was that although there were 1,000,000 strangers here during the funeral week in addition to New York's population of 1,500,000, there was but one theft reported, and that was the stealing of a silver watch from a drunken man on the Bowery. When such emergencies arise it is well to meet them half way."

"I thought I recognized one of your men at a ball the other evening," remarked the visitor. "Very likely," said the inspector. "They attend all the big entertainments. There were eight of them in evening dress at the Dixey ball, with their eyes wide open for the first crook who showed his nose there. At both of the big fancy dress balls that the Vanderbilts gave a few seasons ago four of my men were present in costume. It would have looked funny, wouldn't it, to see a hooded monk lugging off a light-fingered Louis XVI. to the county jail for trying to run away with some lady's diamonds? I expect before this season is over to see Nanki-Pooh preferring a charge of attempted larceny against some Pook-Bah whom he has caught in the act of picking pockets. Keep your eyes open the next time you attend a fancy dress ball and see if you can find some of my boys."

ORIGIN OF GINGER BEER.

HOW A DRUGGIST'S BOY STUMBLED ON A RICH SECRET.

Burning his Tongue By Tasting Ginger Powder—Experiments which Brought him a Fortune.

Dr. J. Hamer, editor of *Les Deux Mondes*, Buffalo, N. Y., furnishes the following interesting account of the accidental origin of ginger beer and the results which made its inventor a wealthy man.

"Everybody," said Dr. Hamer, "knows the ginger beer, the popular drink of the middle and lower classes in England, the yearly sale of which (at one penny per bottle) reaches millions and millions of bottles. But the origin of this pleasant, cheap and truly temperance drink, is not known, and I doubt whether, even in England, there are many men who could say how and by whom it was invented. The story savors a little of romance, and I can vouch for its truth, having heard it many a time from the lips of the inventor, who was rather proud of his achievement, and not without reason."

"Some eighty years ago, Louis Carez, a boy of sixteen, the son of a very poor physician in France, was sent by his father to a school in London in which he got board, lodgings and instruction in English in exchange for lessons in French to the younger pupils. Eight months later the schoolmaster died, the school was closed, and Louis Carez found himself alone in the big city without a friend and with very scanty resources. While looking out for another school, he took a room in the house of a druggist, in one of the low parts of the city, and managed to live with five dollars a month, all that his father could send him. It was almost starvation. But the poor boy had not seen the end of his troubles. One day the monthly remittance failed—the father was dead! The boy would have died of want if it had not been for the kind charity of the old druggist and his wife. They had become attached to the pretty, well-behaved boy, they pitied his forlorn position, they gave him his room and his board until he could obtain a situation. Anxious to make himself useful, Louis Carez swept and cleaned the little store, and was soon able to help the old man in preparing simple prescriptions."

"One day, as he was alone in the store, a woman called for some ginger powder. Louis served her, and, after she left, tasted the powder. He liked it, but finding it burnt his tongue, he mixed it with water. Then an idea struck him. He put some ginger powder in one glass, and in another a little sugar, and the contents of the white paper of a seditiz powder, added water to both, poured the contents of one glass into the other, and drank with delight the pleasant effervescent draught. The ginger beer, although in a crude state, was discovered! For several days, whenever he had a chance, the young inventor experimented in the small laboratory, and having at length perfected his new beverage, he calculated that he wanted two guineas to manufacture his lipid, buy one hundred bottles, as many corks, and some twine. One fine morning he made up his mind to speak to the druggist, explain his idea, and beg for the loan of two guineas. But the old man did not see the matter in the same light as the enthusiastic young boy, and refused the loan. However, it was written in the book of fate that ginger beer was not to be withheld from the appreciating palates of Englishmen. The wife of the druggist had heard the explanation of the boy, and whether she had faith in his invention, or whether she was more tender-hearted than her husband, the same evening she slipped two gold pieces in the hand of Louis out of her scanty savings. A few days later she could be seen on the streets of London, carrying a basketful of bottles in one hand and a glass in the other, calling, 'Ginger beer, the drink of the period; ginger beer, three pence a bottle.'"

"A few months afterward Louis Carez manufactured and sold daily one thousand bottles, but one year later he formed a partnership with a Captain Dubbers, and established large works, which could scarcely meet the demands, and had to be enlarged more than once. Ginger beer sold retail at two pence a bottle. After four years of partnership, being then twenty-one years of age, Louis Carez sold his share in the concern to his partner for £10,000, and went to Paris. He invested his capital in the silk house of Vaccossin, at that time (about the year 1815) already a very important one. But Louis Carez was a born merchant, and in 1824 the firm of 'Carez, Vaccossin & Co.' had become the largest and richest of the silk trade in France. He was elected president of the board of trade in Paris, president of the chamber of commerce, was a member of the legion of honor, and many times a millionaire. His son, Alfred Carez, was my chum at college. I was often a guest in the house, and many a time I have heard the old gentleman when he had taken some friend through his art and picture gallery, one of the finest collections in Paris, say with a smile: 'See what can be got out of a bottle of ginger beer.' —Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Oleomargarine Question.

The attitude of the various States and Territories on the oleomargarine question at the present time is accurately shown in the following:

Manufacture prohibited—Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri and Pennsylvania.

Manufacturers and dealers must stamp, brand or placard—California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Indiana, Iowa, Maryland, New Hampshire (colored pink), New Jersey, New York, Ohio (sold as beef suet), Oregon, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Arizona and Dakota.

Fine and imprisonment—California, \$500 to \$1,000; Colorado, \$500; Connecticut, \$75; Delaware, \$50; Florida, \$100 to \$1,000; Indiana, \$10 to \$50; Iowa, \$25 to \$50; Maine, \$100 to \$200; Maryland, \$25 to \$100; Michigan, \$200 to \$500; Minnesota, \$100 to \$200; Missouri, \$1,000.

Silent—Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, South Carolina and Texas.

Years ago figs were served on aristocratic tables in Greece with salt, pepper, vinegar and aromatics.

A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

A Physician Presents Some Startling Facts.

CAN IT BE THAT THE DANGER INDICATED IS UNIVERSAL.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers entire:

SIR—On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. As yet if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I have always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds, and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical men in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation, another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, coughed of a disease of the lungs, and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had fallen from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in relieving the pain. For six years I was in the death-predicament, hiccuping constantly. My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I regarded the idea of any medicinal agent being so powerful and so cheap in the least beneficial. So solicited, however, by Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was enabled to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccuping ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I regained 20 pounds in weight, and was entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's safe cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to verify it fully. Bright's disease has no distinctive features of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose deaths are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and the other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of the disease or its danger, and the identical nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died and yet none of the number knew and never suspected the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy or heart disease.

As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads this step I have taken, and if I can slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was is an ample inducement for me to state the steps I have taken, and I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all the professional and personal consequences. J. B. HENION, M. D. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.

The American colony in Paris numbers about 8,000 people, but the shopkeepers say it is worth more to the trade of the French capital than its 30,000 Germans and 28,000 Italians combined.

Three Little Maids

Bright, fresh and charming, say they owe their good health, and clear complexions to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Everyone may have good health by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, catarrh, kidney and liver complaints, and all diseases caused or promoted by impure blood. The steps I have taken, and if I can slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

The little daughter of Mrs. Charles Brewster, Buffalo, N. Y., suffered greatly with sties on her eyes. Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured her.

Mrs. Carrie Ware, Milford, N. H., had a sore come in her ear, which spread over her neck and both sides of her face, and the state of the system. If I can slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

Hood's Sarsaparilla the sore commenced to heal, and in a week it was all healed up.

Jessie F. Dolbear, Passaic, R. I., had no appetite or strength, and felt tired all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla restored her appetite and strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

For removing dandruff and promoting the growth of the hair, use Hall's Hair Renewer. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in thousands of cases, has cured a cough in a few days.

LONDON has 300,000 dogs. New York has 500,000.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

KENTUCKY has furnished eleven speakers of the House.

Four score years and ten have not seen the equal of Ely's Cream Balm as a remedy for Catarrh, Colds in the Head, and Hay Fever. It works like magic, giving relief at once, and permanent benefit. A thorough treatment cures the worst cases. Apply with the finger into the nostrils. Price 50 cents at druggists. 50 cents by mail. Ely Bros., Oswego, N. Y.

A cold of unusual severity which I took last autumn developed into a difficult decided catarrh in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh.

One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Warner, 166 Hudson St., Rochester, N. Y.

We have used Ely's Cream Balm in our home for nearly two years, and find it the best medicine we have ever used for colds or catarrh.—J. C. Vasselin, Covington, Tioga Co., Pa.

MENSTRUATION. PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritive properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

The most scientific compound for the cure of coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles is Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure. It is pleasant, prompt and safe. 50 cents and \$1.

Lyon's Patent Metallic Stiffeners prevents beds and shoes from running over, ripping in the seams or wearing unevenly on the heels.

The Postmaster of Liverpool, Florida, writes: "The last Hop Plaster worked wonders on my rheumatism. Send me another." 25c.

The best Ankle Boot and Collar Pads are made of zinc and leather. Try them.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

How to Shorten Life.

The receipt is simple. You have only to take a violent cold, and neglect it. Alas, the great English surgeon, asked a lady who told him she only had a cough. "What would you have the danger? Beware of 'only coughs.' The worst cases can, however, be cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAEM FOR THE LUNGS. In Whooping Cough and Croup it immediately allays irritation, and is sure to prevent a fatal termination of the disease. Sold by druggists.

Free from Opium, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE CHARLES A. VOELKE CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, etc.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

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